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THE INDICTMENT of Charles E. Mitchell affords one gratifying bit of evidence that under the new Administration the gentlemen described by a well-remembered fifth cousin as "malefactors of great wealth" will no longer be granted the immunity which for twelve years they have so happily enjoyed. But the Attorney-General's office cannot afford either to let the belief gain ground that Mr. Mitchell is being offered as a sacrificial goat to appease the wrath of a mulcted public, or to allow other as yet unrevealed offenders to escape. Reports are current of a "deal" by which, in return for Winthrop W. Aldrich's recent dramatic confession of error, the government is to drop its investigation of Albert H. Wiggin's financiering and of the Chase Bank. Such reports should be refuted with vigor and dispatch. A selective prosecution will weaken rather than reestablish the majesty of the law, and nothing will impair the rapidly established confidence in the Roosevelt Administration so much as evidence that its justice is not the blindfold and even-handed goddess she has traditionally been assumed to be. Likewise, nothing should be allowed to interfere with the unflinching exposure, and prosecution where warranted, of any and all persons in banking or in government circles who knew about, concealed, or compounded the false entries and misuse of funds now charged to the recently resigned president of the Harriman Bank.

BANK AND BUSINESS FAILURES have found "the depression" a most convenient alibi, especially where individual performances will not bear rigorous scrutiny. But an examination of the wide variation in different States of the percentages of closed banks suggests that incompetence or financial racketeering and administrative favoritism were factors at least as considerable as "general conditions" in the impending loss of the savings of thousands of depositors. Political pull which came to the rescue of two favored and badly mismanaged Baltimore banks led to the Maryland bank holiday, the subsequent closing of numerous thoroughly sound and solvent banks, and the present plight of their wholly innocent depositors. Maine, which last week showed the lowest percentage of banks reopened of any State in the Union, happened to be among the States least hit by the depression. Its disastrous bank situation may be ascribed in no small degree to laxity of bank supervision and connivance at patent abuses by the State authorities during the four-year administration of the Republican governor, William Tudor Gardiner, who has just been succeeded by the first Democrat since Bull Moose days. In the State whose motto is *Dirigo*, "I Direct," the directing came from the heads of an interlocking group of power companies, chain banks, newspapers, textile industries, department stores, and political machines. As Donald Richberg rightly points out elsewhere in this issue, "Economic power depends upon political power." If the American people will learn as a result of their staggering losses the price of vested privilege, the depression may not be wholly in vain.

THE INABILITY of the daily press to see, hear, or know any evil in advance of catastrophic events which implicate the mighty is artistically discussed in that excellent column entitled The Wayward Press which appears now and then over the signature "Guy Fawkes" in the *New Yorker*. As that writer well points out, the euphemisms and concealment of the newspapers on the eve of the recent bank collapse were justified in the eyes of those who manipulate the press on the ground that they were thereby "bolstering confidence," "maintaining the public morale," and being generally "helpful" and "constructive." Guy Fawkes ventures the belief that what will crash will crash—the helpful and cooperative press notwithstanding. In the category of benevolent morale-mending, Mr. Fawkes classes the editorial assistance rendered by the editor of the New York *Times* to James H. Perkins, the new president of the National City Bank, *vice* Charles E. Mitchell, resigned. Mr. Perkins's initial statement declared: "The primary business of the bank is to serve the domestic and foreign commerce and industry of the United States in the field of commercial banking . . . *along the same lines as in the past.*" Evidently the *Times* editorial writer felt that this was unfortunate, and so improved upon Mr. Perkins by misquoting him to read:

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"along the well-marked lines of commercial banking." Now that the banks have temporarily passed beyond need or hope of editorial assistance, it is the insurance companies that are being accorded a tenderly silent solicitude. No doubt it is all meant for the best, but when a policy holder in so large and impressive a company as the Equitable, after six weeks' earnest effort—including a three weeks' period before the solicited intervention of the State Superintendent of Insurance on March 9—cannot obtain even one hundred dollars' worth of cash on the surrender value of his life insurance policies, that, it would seem to us, speaking as a mere weekly, is in the nature of news.

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS as mirrored in the statements of the Federal Reserve system continue to show astonishing improvement. In the week ending March 22 the system's gold holdings increased $182,000,000, and a remarkable return of other hoarded cash was reflected in the reduction of $661,000,000 in the volume of money in circulation. The ratio of reserves to combined note and deposit liabilities advanced to 55.5 per cent compared with 45.6 per cent in the week of the bank closing. Those who make a fetish of the gold dollar at its present parity, and confuse means with ends, will be glad to learn that the system now has $509,000,000 more gold than it held on March 8; indeed, the total gold holdings of $3,192,000,000 on March 22 last were $151,000,000 greater than at their highest point in 1929. In brief, the Federal Reserve banks—the bankers' banks—are, if anything, stronger than they need to be. But in celebrating this fact, let us not ignore certain signs that point the other way. Upwards of $6,000,000,000 in deposits are still tied up in banks that have not reopened. Part of this will of course ultimately be released and recovered, but the purchasing power of millions of persons has been reduced, and even most of that remainder must for a considerable period be ineffective. The wave of public optimism following the reopening of the banks on March 13 was not sufficient to turn the downward slide of industrial production and employment. In the week ending March 18, the New York *Times's* index of business activity, as reflected in freight-car loadings, steel-mill operations, electric-power, automobile, and cotton-cloth production, fell to 47.9 per cent of normal, the lowest point it has yet reached.

SPLENDID NEWS has come from California: Tom Mooney is to be tried again on one of the unused indictments against him. To attempt to free a man by trying him for murder—how strange that sounds! It is no stranger, however, than the fact that Mooney is still in prison when almost everybody concerned in his original prosecution has demanded his release; when witness after witness has recanted or been proved a perjurer. Who hit upon the brilliant idea of retrying Mooney on one of the other indictments we do not know, but we suspect Fremont Older. The second trial will involve the same charge on which Mooney was convicted sixteen years ago and will require the same proof. District Attorney Brady has withdrawn from the prosecution because he does not believe that Mooney can be convicted, but Judge Louis H. Ward, who granted the new trial, has made it clear that he will appoint a substitute if the Attorney-General does not. Moreover, Judge Ward has insured that the new trial will be held by refusing to dismiss the indictment. Of course, if Mooney is now acquitted, it does not mean that Governor Rolph will be willing to pardon him. But if the pardon is refused, the deliberate malice and prejudice that animate the Governor will be established beyond question.

THE LITTLE ENTENTE COUNTRIES and Poland have taken a strong stand against the four-Power peace plan by which Ramsay MacDonald and Benito Mussolini hope to stave off a new European war. On the other hand, Hungary and Austria seem well satisfied with the plan, while Germany is biding its time, waiting to see what action France will take. This suggests that there is more than rumor in the newspaper reports that MacDonald and Mussolini have already agreed upon a repartition of Europe. Since revision of the peace treaties would have to be undertaken largely at the expense of Poland and the succession states, it is natural that these intensely nationalistic countries will oppose any such move. It is obvious that revision must come sooner or later, but the particular approach that seems to have been chosen by the British and Italian Prime Ministers could not have been much worse. It has aroused new fears and suspicions and thus piled more fuel on the smoldering European fire. It may be argued that the smaller nations concerned would not accept revision even after open and free discussion, that revision would have to be thrust upon them by the great Powers. But this argument assumes that peaceful persuasion is futile and that force is and must remain the final arbiter. If that is truly the case, then all hope of preventing a new European war is lost. France still holds the key to the situation. If France agrees to the MacDonald-Mussolini plan, the Little Entente and Poland will be isolated. They must then choose between submission, which they cannot be expected to accept gracefully, and a desperate resort to arms to prevent consummation of a dictated revision. The future in either case looks dark.

SECRET NEGOTIATIONS are proceeding in Paris whereby Japan will grant France a share in the Chinese Eastern Railway, according to a dispatch in the New York *Times* which confirms the information contained in Louis Fischer's article in *The Nation* of last week. This move, says the *Times's* Paris correspondent, "may carry important consequences in international relations." Undoubtedly. And very bad consequences. The Japanese are angling for French economic and political assistance. They will give France, in return, a share in the Chinese Eastern Railway which runs through Manchukuo, thereby complicating an already complicated and dangerous situation. The road is Soviet-owned and operated under joint Soviet-Chinese management. Today that means under joint Soviet-Manchukuo or, actually, Soviet-Japanese management. Further to embarrass Russia, the Japanese have now reminded French investors of their defunct claim, through the non-existent Russo-Asiatic Bank, to the railway. These investors are being encouraged to dispute Russia's ownership. Tokio, as Mr. Fischer suggested, desires to deprive the U. S. S. R. of all, or at least part, of its interests in the railroad. These are fresh aspects of Japan's old game of so inconveniencing the Bolsheviks as to force them to acquiesce in the new status quo in Manchuria. The whole situation concerns America vitally. Secretary Knox and Secretary Stimson were not the

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last State Department heads to call for the heavy Chinese Eastern Railway dossiers. Cordell Hull will now be compelled to study this problem with care and caution.

> THE Japanese government believes that the national policy of Japan, which has for its aim to insure the peace of the Orient, and thereby to contribute to the cause of peace throughout the world, is identical in spirit with the mission of the League of Nations, which is to achieve international peace and security.

This is the opening paragraph of Count Uchida's notice of Japan's withdrawal from the League. The remainder would furnish equally delightful material for Gilbert and Sullivan. An accompanying rescript by the Japanese emperor likewise declares "our purpose" to continue the policy "of our imperial father" to promote "the advancement of international peace" and deplores that "unhappily there exists between our empire and the League of Nations a wide divergence of views concerning Manchukuo." "Our empire," he states, "deems it essential to respect the independence of the new state and to encourage its healthy development in order that sources of evil in the Far East may be eradicated and enduring peace thereby established." Synchronously with the establishment of this enduring peace comes word that the United States mission at Taotowying, inside the Great Wall a few miles east of Peiping, has been bombed by Japanese airplanes. Meanwhile Yosuke Matsuoka, upon his arrival in New York, blandly suggests that Japan's relationship to Manchukuo is analogous to that of the United States to Cuba. The analogy is hardly exact. More realistic, though hardly less disingenuous, is his statement that formerly John Bull and Uncle Sam were engaged in an international game of poker which Japan has now begun to learn, while they, having secured all the territory they want, now desire the game to be changed to "contract," and complain that Japan does not understand the rules.

RETURN OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS to the jurisdiction of the Navy Department is being seriously considered in Washington. The admirals want the islands back for reasons of strategy, though it is not at all clear what strategic value this territory possesses. Secretary Swanson favors the proposal, apparently for no other reason than that he wants to enhance the importance of his office. A few of the residents, primarily those concerned with shipping, believe that their particular interests would benefit by the return of the islands to naval rule. The islands, politely characterized by former President Hoover during a visit as "an effective poorhouse," are in pressing need of rehabilitation. Governor Paul Pearson has been working on a plan to achieve that end, and in the face of the universal economic depression has made a good beginning. He has turned over to Virgin Islanders 40 per cent of the administrative posts. As Negroes are barred from the navy except as mess boys and in other menial positions, return to naval control would mean ousting the Virgin Islanders from responsible offices. Our trusteeship of the islands requires, as a matter of common decency, a policy of increasing home rule and self-government. As *The Nation* pointed out as far back as 1923, naval government was characterized by repressions of free speech, the introduction of a rigid color line, and the existence of a privileged class—the sailors and marines—apart from the natives and exempt from the ordinary restrictions of civil administration. To go back to this system of control would be a disaster.

DIEGO RIVERA, considered by many competent critics the foremost living mural painter, recently completed what he considers his masterpiece on the walls of a court in the Detroit Institute of Art. No sooner were these paintings unveiled than they precipitated an acrid controversy. A group of the clergy supported by the Detroit *News* has demanded that the murals be blotted out by a coat of whitewash. One Dr. Berry charges the curator of the art museum, Dr. Valentiner, with attempting to "sell out the best walls of the city art museum to an outside half-breed Mexican Bolshevist," and denounces the paintings, which express the artist's concept of Detroit's contribution to our civilization, as "Communist propaganda." The Reverend H. Ralph Higgins, senior curate of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, condemns the "vaccination panel" as a caricature of the Holy Family. This painting depicts a nurse holding a child whom a doctor is vaccinating. In the foreground are the domestic animals from which vaccines and serums are derived. In the background are scientists at work, with a microscope, retort, and vivisection table. If this group is intended to suggest the Holy Family it does so in a spirit that only the sanctimonious could consider irreverent. In opposition to his critics, Rivera has received scores of letters of appreciation from every quarter; Albert Kahn, the architect who designed almost every important Detroit building, declares that art lovers the world over will make pilgrimages to Detroit to see the Rivera frescoes long after the present critics are dead and forgotten. Possibly a solution may be found in the happy thought supplied by the Detroit *Times* that Rivera has supplied the art institute with the "best advertising it has ever had." Detroiters should consider the possibility that the Rivera frescoes may bring visitors and revenue to the city. What has become of Detroit salesmanship?

> MEMBERS of the New York Women's League for Animals were exhorted yesterday to study the Parisian dog-airing system while abroad this summer with a view to improving the recreational opportunities of the canine population along Park Avenue. The suggestion that the parkway in every fifth block along the avenue be opened to dogs was made tentatively at the monthly meeting of the group.—New York *Herald Tribune,* March 24.

We hope the ladies, while they are abroad, will also devote a little time to a study of the dangers inherent in dog-airing. According to Marx (apocryphal) it was dog-airing which precipitated the revolution of 1917 and brought so many highbred Russian wolfhounds to their present low estate. Many of them, slim-hipped and not equipped for the world's heavy tasks, are to be seen dragging carts along cobbled Paris streets. Still others have taken refuge in Manchuria. A few have even reached the haven of Park Avenue. To open the parks, even tentatively, is to invite disaster. Let them be opened at every fifth block but only by keys that will keep out undesirables from Avenue A. The League might well adopt as its crest the wolfhound rampant with the motto: Remember Nevsky Prospect. Beware the Under-Dog!

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Nazis Against the World

THE power of public opinion against the brown-shirt bestialities has been demonstrated. Before the expressed sense of outrage throughout the world, the Nazi head devils have pulled in their horns. That there is ample ground for such protest and need for continued protest, their ludicrous denials and flagrant contradictions amply reveal. While there has been a cessation of the more overt and public physical maltreatment of dissenters, the no less damnable persecution through quasi-legal and economic means of those whom the Nazis have been goaded to hate—be they liberals, Socialists, Communists, Jews, or Catholics—continues. Indeed, a boycott against Jewish business houses and the "limitation" of Jews in the professions and in the universities is announced by the Nazi Party "unless governments abroad suppress anti-German propaganda."

Consider the evidence presented by the offenders, now suddenly on the defensive. Captain Hermann Wilhelm Göring, minister in the new Hitler dictatorship, expresses his passionate indignation at the "dirty lies" charging persecution in Germany: "Throughout all Germany there has not been a person from whom even one finger nail was chopped off," he shouts. But almost in the same breath he declares: "There have been a few cases where Jews and others have been dragged from their homes and beaten." He also admits: "Some foreigners have been molested, especially foreigners who looked like Jews." The Associated Press further reports his statement: "It is true that some storm-troopers have terribly beaten up this one or that one . . . it is humanly understandable if they took justice in their own hands . . . you know how bitterly anti-Semitic some of our people are. . . ." Well, if the German people, who have suffered cruelly in consequence of the World War and the Treaty of Versailles, "are bitterly anti-Semitic," it is due primarily to the incendiary propaganda which the Nazi chiefs have carried on. Seeking a scapegoat upon whom their followers could vent their long-suppressed resentments, Hitler pictured the Jews as responsible for all of Germany's ills and made their extirpation a cardinal point in his program, should he come to power. And how revealing is the defense of former Foreign Minister Richard von Kühlmann: "Jews were undoubtedly mainly the victims of such excesses, following the well-known racial tendencies of the Nazi program, but those of other faiths were also affected."

Furthermore, what guaranty of an appreciably better attitude is there in Göring's statement: "I will not ever stand for persecuting a man simply because he is a Jew"? But Germans, whether Jews or not, presumably may be persecuted if they are liberals, if they are pacifists, if they are Socialists, if they are Communists, if their profession or business competes with that of Nazis, if they hold posts which Nazis covet—and if protests abroad continue! Indeed, wholesale discrimination is now taking place.

Socialists and Communists are being herded in concentration camps. "Protective jailing" is the euphemism under which arrests of innocent people are being justified. Imprisonment, terrorization, intimidation continue. "Mob violence has ended, at least temporarily, but legal oppression goes on," reports Edmund Taylor, Chicago *Tribune* correspondent, who asserts further that never, not even in Italy or Jugoslavia, has he seen "law-abiding citizens living in such unholy fear." The Nazi protestations that these acts of violence are those of irresponsible persons or for personal revenge scarcely diminish the government's responsibility. Since when cannot a military autocracy control the acts of its rank and file? Further, the dictatorship directly incited to violence when it released from jails and pardoned Nazi murderers sentenced during the previous regime, whom Hitler then hailed as "comrades." No, the denials are essentially confirmations. The charge of wholesale pogroms contained in the obviously exaggerated stories of terror-stricken refugees has not been seriously advanced by responsible journals or persons. Denials of such tales are offered as a complete refutation of the valid accusations against the Nazis, thus dragging the familiar red herring across the trail of the larger atrocity—the persecution of whole classes and groups.

As for the denials from organizations or individuals subject to persecution in Germany, they are not impressive. Some are carefully qualified so that a particular form of atrocity is denied; others are strongly suggestive of duress. They recall the correspondence from a German prison camp during the World War of that amiable comic-strip character, Abe Kabibble, who wrote: "We are getting wonderful treatment here. The food is swell; we are living in luxury, and have nothing but kindness on every hand. P. S.: Meyer was shot yesterday for complaining."

What is still undenied and manifest is that liberal and Socialist newspapers have been suspended and their editors are in flight; that concerts have been stopped because the conductor was a Jew; that Jews have been removed as judges and prosecutors in criminal cases; that Hitler repeats his promises to drive out the Eastern Jews; that stores (including Woolworth's) have been arbitrarily closed, whether under government or "popular" pressure is inconsequential; that private bank accounts have been impounded; that Socialists and Communists are concentrated in camps; that Jewish or liberal or Socialist professional men, teachers, and merchants are victims of discrimination; and that, finally, a state of hate and terrorism has been created, the burden of which falls on every dissenter from the Nazi philosophy.

It is tragic that in the face of these critical events our tightened immigration laws and, even more, our own economic crisis prevent the American people from extending a whole-hearted invitation to the victims of this new Old World tyranny to come to these shores. The United States profited immeasurably by the emigration from Germany and Austria of the forty-eighters—those earlier refugees from militarism and autocracy. Now as then the victims of ruthless chauvinism include the bravest, the most cultured, the most decent citizens of Germany—the leaders in the arts and sciences, in the humanities, in civic affairs. They are truly citizens of the world—indeed, that, to the narrow nationalism of the Nazi, is their crime. The German quota to the United States of some 25,000 has in recent years not been filled. How much attempt at emigration to America there

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will be, it is difficult to guess. But the Administration in Washington should adopt the most liberal and most humane interpretation possible under our statutes, facilitate the granting of visas, and consider even a brief modification of the law, if necessary, to permit the entry of the German victims of political persecution. Meanwhile, the economic plight of such refugees should have the earnest attention of organized groups. For although America has in some ways retrogressed since the days of Jefferson, when political liberty had a real meaning, that priceless heritage has still been preserved here to a greater degree than in all but half a dozen nations. We cannot better express our adherence to our finest principles than to continue our protest unceasingly, and to extend every aid and sympathy possible to the victims of a resurgent barbarism in Europe.

War Wouldn't Pay

THERE is no denying that the imminence of war in Europe is regarded with singular complacency by large numbers of persons of all classes both abroad and here. What appears chiefly to lie at the bottom of this complacency is the belief that war would stimulate business and restore prosperity. Nothing could reveal more clearly than such a feeling the hideous overgrowth of the acquisitive instincts that develops in a capitalist society. Simply because this belief is such a genuine force making for war, it may be wise, instead of merely denouncing it, to begin by asking ourselves calmly whether and to what extent it is true.

Lip service is now almost universally rendered, even by militarists, to the belief that in the long run war does not pay. Norman Angell made this conclusion clear enough in "The Great Illusion," published in 1910, and the aftermath of the World War has put it beyond all rational doubt. Yet the lesson has not really been learned. It is not even generally recognized that the present economic crisis is primarily a post-war crisis, the result of the inevitable collapse of the inflated war level of commodity prices, of the crushing burden of war debt, of the continuing economic war of tariffs. And among those who do recognize that war must wipe out wealth, and that a war boom must be followed by a collapse, many still feel that such a boom is worth having again, that we can let the future worry about the future.

It is precisely these expectations of a temporary war boom, however, that are most likely to be disappointed in the event of war. The situation is radically different now in many respects from that existing in 1914. Not the least of the differences lies in the profound change in the status of international credit. When Europe began buying foodstuffs, munitions, and other war supplies in our market in 1914, 1915, and 1916, it had to have something to buy them with. What it had was gold, large holdings of American securities, and credit. In 1915 an Anglo-French loan of $500,000,000 was placed in this market. In 1916 France placed another loan here of $100,000,000 and England two more loans of $250,000,000 each; and even these had to be secured by the pledge of American securities previously held abroad.

The gold supply of the principal European countries, with the exception of that of France and England, has since been greatly depleted, and both France and England are even less willing to part with gold than they were in 1915. Great Britain's holdings of American securities have been heavily reduced. And American investors have burned their fingers on foreign loans. It is true that the privately owned bonds of England, France, and Italy are still selling at comparatively good prices here, but German bonds are selling in the 50's, and a new war would have a violently adverse effect on the credit standing of the other nations. We need merely look at the recent record of Japanese bonds here. We have learned too much about the "problem of transfer" and post-war repudiation.

It is unlikely, therefore, that exports to warring countries would be financed to any appreciable extent by the general investor, who has not only less trust than before, but much smaller resources. The munitions-makers and other exporters themselves would have to take Europe's promises to pay and hold them. The incentive of a possible high margin of profit might lead them to take this chance. But they themselves would need money meanwhile to meet pay rolls and buy supplies, and most of them would have to go to the bankers to get it. Whereupon the bankers, having very little to gain by taking a risk, would weigh more coldly the munition-makers' chances of being paid, because these would determine their own chances of being paid.

Not only is the volume of credit extended to warring countries by neutral countries likely to be small; the demand of those countries for outside goods is also likely to be small. Their home capacity for producing war goods has been enormously expanded: it is precisely this overexpansion that is one of the causes of the present depression. They are also overexpanded agriculturally. In Japan, of course, we have an example of a nation already at war, but the record of its imports from us—$259,000,000 in 1929, $165,000,000 in 1930, $156,000,000 in 1931, and $135,000,000 in 1932—does not warrant the expectation of any boom from war orders elsewhere.

Nor is there any good reason to look for a boom within the warring countries themselves. Governments have learned a great deal about the technique of controlling prices and capturing war profits, and it seems likely that this technique would be very quickly applied. Further, the problem of a warring government financing itself at home would be even more difficult, compared with 1914, than that of financing its foreign purchases. French and Italian investors whose bonds have been paid off in effect at a rate of about 20 cents on the dollar, and German investors who received 12 cents on the dollar, will not subscribe to new victory loans very enthusiastically. If inflation were attempted, the rate of currency depreciation would this time be disastrously rapid. A new war would have to be financed almost entirely out of current taxes; but this means that the temporary boom caused by the creation of fictitious purchasing power would not occur; purchasing power for war-time goods would have to be quickly seized from that for peace-time goods, which would mean a violent drop in important commodity prices. The holders of high incomes would have more of those incomes taken from them than now, and would probably find fewer loopholes for escape.

Even war, in brief, would not be profitable today. Realistic minds must confess that a general recognition of this truth would do more for the peace of the world than any possible argument for justice, civilization, or humanity.

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Direct Relief at Last

AFTER a two-year struggle, begun by Senator La Follette in the spring of 1931, the principle of direct federal unemployment relief has at last been accepted. President Roosevelt's program bristles with bad points as well as good ones, but at least it recognizes and accepts the responsibility of the federal government for its jobless citizens—which means, in fact, that it accepts the principle of the direct dole which *The Nation* has so long advocated. His special message calls for "grants to States for relief work," and the grants are to be precisely that—with no strings attached. In response to the message, Senator Wagner has introduced a bill embodying the principal features of the La Follette-Costigan direct-relief plan. This measure would appropriate the sum of $500,000,000 to be distributed to the States through the office of a federal relief administrator. It should be enacted without delay and great credit should be given to Senators Costigan and La Follette, who, through the lean years of the Hoover decline, fought unremittingly for their plan.

The Roosevelt message calls for "a broad public-works labor-creating program." The President had no such program to offer at the time he sent his message to Congress, but said he was "studying the many projects suggested and the financial questions involved." He promised that he would "presently" make recommendations in this connection. It seems strange that after so many years of discussion a comprehensive construction program for unemployment relief has not yet been evolved by the federal government. Mr. Roosevelt has, it is true, been in office only a month, but he has had at least five months in which to consider this subject since his election. It is explained in his behalf that many of the projects under discussion have been found impracticable for one reason or another. A large majority of them involved construction work at a distance from the industrial cities, the great reservoirs of unemployed labor. To carry out such schemes huge bodies of labor would have to be moved from their own communities, a process which would result in the breaking up of families and would raise other social problems. A second objection has been that many of the proposals call for a relatively small amount of human labor. Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, will approve only projects that are in or near the larger industrial centers, and that will employ as much labor as is practicable. These explanations may be accepted as valid, but it must be remembered that the value of a public-works program in the present crisis depends upon the speed with which it can be got under way.

The third section of the Roosevelt program, providing for the enlistment of men to work in the national forests and parks and on other public projects at a dollar-a-day wage under army officers, aroused a storm of protest, especially from organized labor. Witnesses appearing before the Senate and House Labor Committees contended with much heat that the dollar-a-day pay would put the government formally on record as favoring pauper wages. They declared that private employers would be certain to follow suit, although Administration spokesmen, including Secretary of Labor Perkins, argued optimistically that employers generally would not be so stupid, since such a course, which could lead only to still further reduced purchasing power, would be suicidal. The labor witnesses also insisted that the enlistment provision of the Wagner-Robinson bill constituted contract labor of a vicious sort. So strong was the storm that the White House quickly agreed to substitute the Walsh bill for the Wagner-Robinson measure. The Walsh bill lays down no conditions whatever. It gives the President sweeping authority to hire men for work on the public domain on his own terms. We hope those terms will not include the objectionable provisions of the original plan.

The Children's Hour

THE class struggle is as nothing compared with the war between the generations. A particularly sharp encounter is recorded in the results of one more questionnaire. A group of mothers and teachers in Scarsdale, New York, set out recently to do something about the juvenile radio programs which corrupt the American home between 4:45 and 9 p. m., when all good children, heaven be praised, go to bed. Being modern parents they adopted modern methods. Instead of throwing the radio out the window as good Victorians would have done, they sent to 286 children between the ages of eight and thirteen a questionnaire to determine their favorite "hours." If it could be shown, we can almost hear fond parents telling themselves, that the little darlings preferred better things, the broadcasters would find it difficult to ignore their preferences.

If any mother has any faith remaining in the better nature of her children it should be completely wiped out by the results of the Scarsdale test. The only program on which the children and their elders agreed was Eddie Cantor. He was rated good by the mothers—which is enough to indicate that they were not attempting to impose pedantic standards; he was the most popular among the children. The second in popularity, alas, was Little Orphan Annie, rated "very poor" in the mothers' list because of "bad emotional effect and unnatural voice." For the rest the disagreement was complete and absolute. What the parents rated poor and very poor the little savages almost invariably set down as their favorite entertainment. In the mothers' list five of the forty programs under consideration were rated as excellent. They were Roses and Drums, Current Events, Today's News, Great Moments in History, Dramatized News Events. It is a touching list, full of vain hopes. Five children approved it, probably out of deference to a dear but dated mother. The other 281 children relegated the five "excellent" programs to from twenty-ninth to fortieth place, while Skippy, Chandu, Myrt and Marge, and Little Orphan Annie led the field. Children, in a word, like best those programs which according to mother "shatter their nerves, stimulate emotions of horror, and teach bad grammar." Beside which must be set the firmly written answer of one young hopeful, "I want a blood-curdling murder."

Poor and very poor programs will continue to blight the homes of Scarsdale and of all America. For children always win. Parents must take what comfort they can in the contemplation of a revenge that is neither sweet nor swift. It is to be found only in the probability that the children themselves will some day be parents.

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Issues and Men

An Open Letter to Colonel House

SIR: Have you read the news from Germany? If so you are most assuredly entitled to pity. You must be lying awake nights horrified by the fact that German militarists, against whom you and Woodrow Wilson called the United States to war in 1917, are again intrenched in Berlin and that they have celebrated their accession to power by permitting nation-wide prosecutions and persecutions, and by throwing into jail thousands of people—all guiltless of any overt acts. For it was you and Woodrow Wilson who, believing that militarism could be overcome by militarism and war cured by more war, hailed the German defeat in 1918 as meaning the freeing of the German people from the fetters placed upon them by their abhorrent war caste under the Kaiser's rule.

Then you and Woodrow Wilson congratulated the American people upon their success in making the world safe for democracy, and on winning the war to end war. Today you read that a dictator rules Germany who demands the restoration of universal military service and complete arms equality with the other nations, and the revival of the old military order; who is pledged to tear up the Treaty of Versailles. You read that associated with him in the government are Field Marshal von Hindenburg and Lieutenant-Colonel von Papen, who, as German military attaché, was rightly sent from this country in disgrace in 1916. Further, if you read the dailies—I should not blame you if you never took another one in your hands—you have learned that within fifteen years after our victory in the war to end war there are a million more men under arms in Europe than there were on August 1, 1914, when the World War began. And that Lloyd George, your former associate, has just appealed to the National Council of Evangelical Churches urging "a world conference of all Christian churches to cry a halt to war before it is too late," because "all nations are marching toward the battlefield with the dove of peace embroidered on their banners."

Never, I venture to assert, has the progress of events so completely unmasked the hollowness and folly of a given policy or piece of statesmanship as have these last fifteen years the complete futility of your and Mr. Wilson's theory that if the United States threw itself into the World War it would be able to dominate the formulating of a peace to make over the world. That was the doctrine of Norman Angell and Herbert Croly and Walter Lippmann, to which you listened so eagerly, which you later adopted. Today, what do we see? The United States has failed to gain a *single one of the major objectives* for which it went into the war. Democracy the world over is menaced or destroyed or in ill repute—even in some circles here in the United States. Militarism destroyed? Today we ourselves have larger and costlier military and naval establishments than ever before in peace time. Largely as a result of our participation in the war we are plunged into an economic distress unsurpassed in our history, with 14,000,000 of our people unemployed. The very soldiers forced into our army and the killing business by the universal draft favored by you and Mr. Wilson have in part revenged themselves by menacing the financial stability of the country. We are not even to have returned to us the billions upon billions of American money we poured into the coffers of our Allies, chiefly because their repayment so gravely injures us and our trade. Today the world groans under tariff burdens unequaled in history, which have effectively throttled the trade of the world. Do you by chance recall that one of your Fourteen Peace Points called for the "removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace"? I hope you do not; otherwise it must add to your mental torture as you look back on the past. Can you deny that the world's tariffs are higher than ever before and are steadily going up?

If you are following what is happening in China you will have noticed that war on a large scale is on again; that Japan is drawing out from that association of nations which the remaining admirers of Mr. Wilson claim to have been the superlative achievement of his career. That League faces more than one acid test. Perhaps you have forgotten that the fourth of your peace points specified that "national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety"? And that positive assurance was given to Germany that in return for her forcible disarmament the Allies and America would disarm promptly? Today the League is powerless to bring about disarmament and, despite the last-hour efforts of Ramsay MacDonald and Benito Mussolini, seems incapable of taking this vital step toward the safeguarding of our civilization. As for the German collapse, I earnestly hope for your peace of mind that you have not noticed that it is the unanimous testimony of the most competent foreign observers, as, for example, Edgar Mowrer in his book entitled "Germany Turns the Clock Back," that the disaster to the German Republic and the rise of the Hitler despotism are due in largest measure to the treaty of peace of which Wilson and you were in considerable degree, according to your own statements, the architects. At least, heaven be thanked, it was never ratified by the Senate of the United States! Look at Italy, look at Hungary, look at Poland. Can you maintain that their situation is better than it was when the war began? On the contrary, it is infinitely worse. They live under the heel of terror. Will you not maintain that the Austrian people have a right to their "own way of life"? But that, Colonel House, was what we guaranteed to do when we went into the war—safeguard little nations everywhere. What a humiliation it must all be to you if you ponder upon these things, as your mind wanders back to those cemeteries of the American dead in France, to whom this country gave its solemn pledge that there should be no further war, that the nations, like the oceans, should be safe and free, and that autocracy should be banished from this earth!

And that reminds me. Have you by any chance recently reread President Wilson's speech to the American Federation

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of Labor delivered in Buffalo, November 12, 1917, when we were well along in the war? He said:

> What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, *but I know how to get it* and they do not.

Now, frankly, Colonel House—I am asking you this question while the guns roar in China and in the two undeclared wars in South America—did Mr. Wilson really know how to get peace? Can you wonder that pacifists everywhere have today only contempt for your and Mr. Wilson's intellectual processes and your stupidity? In the next paragraph in that speech Mr. Wilson declared:

> You will notice that I sent a friend of mine, Colonel House, to Europe, who is as great a lover of peace as any man in the world; but I didn't send him on a peace mission yet. I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war was to be won, and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes.

Years, Colonel House, we all know are but minutes in the lives of nations. But, honestly, did you and Mr. Wilson get us peace for more than a few minutes? Economically speaking, you did not get us peace for a single moment. I can bring you into touch with dozens of leading men on both sides of the ocean who will say to you as frankly as they have to me that as a matter of fact you and Mr. Wilson did not bring about peace at all, that the war has steadily gone on ever since that time. And now, with the mental and physical successors of what you were pleased to call the "Potsdam gang" in complete control in Germany, ready to strike hands with the Italian tyrant, is it any wonder that the British Cabinet is reported by one of the most reliable correspondents in London to be holding itself in readiness for emergency meetings at any hour of the day or night? Are you still as sure as you were in 1917 that you knew better than the pacifists? Do you remember that it is stated on page 80 of volume two of the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House" that you believed in 1915 that it was possible for the United States "to carry along," but you were convinced that "in the process the moral credit of the United States with the world would disappear and at the end of the war we should find ourselves without friends"? Well, Colonel, won't you tell us what moral credit the United States has left today in the world? What friends has it left? Will you undertake to deny that we are the best-hated nation on earth?

I suppose it is too much to expect that even this fact will cause you to question the superhuman wisdom which you and Mr. Wilson displayed in those crucial years. But I do want here to make acknowledgment of one of the most extraordinary prophecies of all times. Woodrow Wilson in his speech of January 22, 1917, said:

> It must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. . . . I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealment. Victory would mean *peace forced upon the losers, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished.* It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently, *but only upon quicksand.* Only a peace between equals can last.

Do you remember what you wrote in your diary at the time? Here it is: "He [Wilson] read the address which he had prepared in accordance with our understanding last week. It is a noble document and one which I think will live." You were right. It will live. It will live because it was the absolute truth and history has completely justified it. But it will also live as a monument to the folly and blindness of the two men who, having stumbled upon this truth, forgot it, abandoned the sound policy that it called for, and demanded, in Mr. Wilson's words, "force, force without stint."

Well, we used force without stint. We took part in drafting a peace which was imposed upon the vanquished. The results you see before you wherever you turn—a world in a quicksand, in chaos, a world with the spirit of war and war preparation more in evidence than ever before. Our armament bill, plus that of the nations of Europe, is now about five billion dollars a year, according to Herbert Hoover, at the moment when we and they are in economic ruin and, according to the International Labor Office, are maintaining fully 30,000,000 workless people. You see a world with great masses of people dominated by tyrants, some who found in the Treaty of Versailles their greatest aid in overcoming opposition and who openly say that they will no longer be bound by its provisions; a world so confused, so bewildered, so oppressed, that the most optimistic are now ready to admit that civilization is in jeopardy. I know well the plea that is put up in your behalf and that of Mr. Wilson. You meant well; you both tried your best at Paris; you were overcome by the brutal and vengeful statesmen with whom you found yourselves at the peace table; it is really wonderful that you were able to modify the treaty as much as you did. Accepting this as true—which I emphatically do not—for the sake of argument, please recall that these wicked statesmen were the very men whom you both recommended to the American people as entirely trustworthy, high-minded, unselfish, for whose cause, so you assured our drafted youths, it was right and just and noble and patriotic for them to die. You knew the treaty was bad, but you advised Wilson to sign it, and he signed it—as he should have, since some of the worst clauses in it were of his own creation.

"We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and power"—thus spoke Woodrow Wilson of the German government on April 2, 1917, to Congress. The brutal and unscrupulous group of men which has just reinslaved the German people is worse by far than the government of the Kaiser, because it has declared openly that liberty is not essential to the individual citizen, and that freedom is not requisite in the modern state. It has made a mockery of German *Kultur* and German reverence for learning, conscience, and the liberty of the individual and the state. Yet it is not sixteen years, Colonel House, since you and your chief called upon the American people to make the world safe for democracy by joining in the mass murders in Europe. What agonies of regret, what tortures of conscience must be yours!

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Will the Farm Bill Work?

By B. H. HIBBARD

IT is not often that any man in a great republic, with the possible exception of a President, is privileged to frame and execute a measure of profound national significance. Something over half a century ago John Sherman, Senator from Ohio, engineered the greenback-redemption bill through the United States Senate. Four years later, as Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, he found himself responsible for carrying out the provisions of the act. A similar circumstance seems to be in the offing with respect to the allotment plan for aiding the farmer. For a decade Henry A. Wallace has been the outstanding advocate of national legislation designed to restore the purchasing power of agriculture. He was the most consistent and persistent advocate of the McNary-Haugen bill. He was willing to try the export-debenture bill, if nothing better seemed obtainable. And although it is hard to believe, he appeared willing to give the Federal Farm Board a free and full opportunity to spend its energy, and hundreds of millions of public money, in its quixotic excursion into the price-pegging land of promise. Be it said in his favor, however, that he did not applaud the attempt of the board to fight the battle of acreage reduction according to the campaign tactics of Wouter Van Twiller against the Swedes on the Delaware, "by proclamation." In any case, Secretary Wallace is now struggling with the plan, which it will be his privilege to put into effect, by and through which the purchasing power of agriculture may be restored.

At once the question arises: Restored to what? As at present projected, the proposal is to restore the purchasing power of the farmer's dollar to the pre-war (1909-14) level. This means that a given quantity of farm produce is to have the same purchasing power as before the war. For example, a self-binder could be bought in that earlier period for the proceeds from the sale of 145 bushels of wheat. Now it requires from 400 to 600 bushels. Under the bill for relieving farm distress, the pre-war ratio of wheat to binder should be restored, or rather the general parity of farm products and purchases by farmers should be restored.

This consummation is to be achieved by enacting the bill "to relieve the existing national economic emergency by increasing agricultural purchasing power." It is proposed that nine commodities shall be included within the operations of the undertaking—wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep, rice, tobacco, and milk and its products. The money with which to raise the prices is to be obtained from taxes imposed on the first processors of the respective commodities, the amount of the tax to be fixed by the Secretary of Agriculture. The intention is to apply these charges gradually, not the full, ultimate amount of any given tax all at once. The farmers are not to be paid higher prices directly, but are to receive a compensation from the government, which, together with the open-market price, will make a price equal in purchasing power to the pre-war price.

In the several earlier allotment bills (this bill is not by name an allotment bill, although essentially that in fact) it was stipulated that the farmers seeking to benefit must cut down production by 20 per cent the first year, with adjustments to fit the occasion thereafter. In the present bill reductions are to be made "through agreements with producers or otherwise." Percentages are not designated in advance, and rest therefore mainly with the Secretary, who will, of course, strive to please the interested group. If, however, the group is not of one mind, the "or otherwise" provision will supply the required authority, incidentally neutralizing the earlier "voluntary" feature of the proposal.

The authors of this bill show insight and cleverness. Well aware that a tax on the processing of a product is likely to increase the price so as to drive the consumer to the use of substitutes, authority is given to the Secretary to impose such a tax on the substitutes, any and all, as may be necessary to wipe out the advantage of the shift, and collect the money required for augmenting the price of the farmers' product. For example, should a tax of 6 cents a pound on butterfat result in driving a third of the consumers to the use of oleomargarine, the Secretary might at once proclaim the 6-cent tax on oleomargarine. Should the combined taxes result in still too small receipts in impost taxes, he might raise the rate to 8 cents. Somewhere within the wide, unspecified range of possibilities, the Secretary should be able to get for the farmer the 25 cents, or such a matter, which was received before the war. But not for any predictable amount. On the contrary, the "operations" would involve the right of the Secretary to prescribe the required reduction in output necessary to bring the price up to the desired level. However, the Secretary is not so obligated to the farmers as to make it his unquestioned duty to raise farm prices to the pre-war level. He may, indeed, "he shall," on finding that consumption is greatly decreased by the price-raising program, "fix such lower rate as is necessary to maintain or restore such domestic consumption." In arriving at the decision as to the proper rate, higher or lower, he shall give due consideration to "wage scales, employment and unemployment in the cities, changes in cost of living of consumers," buying habits, and so on. The Secretary will, verily, draw on a great fund of information if he holds the scales with even-handed justice, and at the same time balances them with all the factual evidence implied in the instructions provided for his guidance.

One of the most interesting features of the bill is the blanket privilege given to the Secretary to rent the land, or some of it, which is not needed in providing the required domestic supplies. On this point the bill is very brief. From the report of interviews with farm leaders on the inside, it appears to be the intention to give the Secretary the power to decide whether to undertake to rent from private owners great blocks of marginal land, or to rent, piecemeal, fragments of individual farms scattered throughout the country. If the renting plan is followed, and the farmers are paid to refrain from farming certain tracts of land, they will not be entitled to the compensation prescribed for those who refrain from production in part on the basis of a payment supplementing the open-market price. To use one or the other basis of procedure, rental or bonus, would seem much

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simpler than a combination of the two. The administration of the rental plan may occasion some misunderstanding. The land on which rental payments are demanded will not always be found in a state of bare fallow, easily discovered and measured. There will be volunteer crops with forage possibilities on some such acres. There will be left-over meadows. There will be cover crops ostensibly sown to prevent erosion. There will be magnificent growths of sweet clover on these unused acres, which will be plowed under as a fertilizer or, if not too well supervised, used as supplementary pasture.

Should the augmented prices resulting from the operations of this bill coax imports into the country, and so tend to nullify the effects, the Secretary may order tariffs raised, or new ones devised, to keep them out. Someone is sure to ask why the Secretary should not be directed to proclaim prices in advance of sales, and thus require the buyer to pay the amount which he is destined to pay anyway. There is a reason. As now provided, there may be some exports on which no tax is paid, or if already paid, refunded. However, there is no stipulation to the effect that any buyer shall buy more than he wants. No provision for the disposal of a surplus is made. This is somewhat understandable in view of the powerful provisions for cutting production. Even so, there will be surpluses of no small proportions due to variations in yield. Will Farmer A, who happens to hold a thousand bushels of wheat until the millers do not care to bid, be obliged to sell for export at 40 cents, while his neighbor, B, who was a little more apprehensive of the market, sold for 40 cents plus 40 cents? Presumably not, although the point is not clear.

While this bill is written in the interest of the farmer, the consumer is not forgotten. He is to be protected by the assurance that the dollar which he pays for goods shall contain no larger share for the farmer than it did before the war. If the farmer of that earlier period received 40 per cent of the 10 cents paid for milk in the city, he shall have no more than 40 per cent of the 10 cents, plus or minus, which the milk sells for under the new regime. There seems to be no inherent injustice in this proposal, but that it fits the exigencies of the milk market of today is not to be taken for granted. Possibly the poorer 40 per cent of the present-day consumers will not be able to pay any more than they are paying. We must, in considering such cases, not forget that if the product cannot be sold at the enhanced price, the Secretary may reduce the enhancement, or even wipe it out. Before we know it, we shall be selling milk for a price which the market will stand, instead of at a ratio which obtained twenty years ago. In any case, the framers of the bill are wise in recognizing the desirability of making sales, even at prices which are distressing to the producer. And these also, at present, may look high to the consumer.

It is gratifying to know that the authors of the measure face the issue squarely as to who pays the bill. The consumer pays it. Not necessarily to the last jot and tittle, but in the main the consumer must contribute the added funds which the farmer, through this bill, demands for his product. But in the end, if the consumer cannot pay, or will not pay, or does not pay the higher price, he will be able to get the goods at the same price as before.

The added sum to be paid to the farmers under the provisions of the bill will amount to some $800,000,000 or $1,000,000,000. The Secretary is reported to have said that he believes the consumers will not mind the burden, since it will involve but a slight increase in retail prices. This billion-dollar tax will, however, amount to 2½ per cent of the income of all the people as most recently estimated. It should increase the farmers' income by 20 per cent.

This immense tax, equivalent to a quarter or a third of the present federal revenues, is to be laid, is to be increased, is to be decreased, and the proceeds are to be distributed, virtually by one man; mainly at his discretion, guided by the most general statutory provisions, which hardly go beyond the requirement that he collect a billion dollars from a designated three-quarters of the people and pay it to the other quarter. It is much as though the Secretary of the Treasury were commissioned to lay and collect half or three-quarters of a billion dollars in import duties, arranging the schedules to suit the occasion as his own judgment dictated. Without doubt there are men who could exercise this function in such a way as to promote justice beyond anything Congress has ever done, but a democracy does not delegate such power even to its ablest citizen, unless and until it is ready for a dictatorship.

Should the bill pass and accomplish its purpose of raising farm prices, its very success would engender a difficulty not easily met. It will call into the farming field a new crop of farmers who will undertake to profit by the increased prices. While the enhanced prices hold, the governmental guidance will slacken or disappear, and a new surplus will appear as if by magic. It may be fairly easy to hold farm production down while prices are low. It would not be easy once they were brought up to the pre-war value ratio, since that would be a more attractive price now than it was then.

It is contended by the proponents of the bill that the added purchasing power to be put into the farmers' hands will, through its mere weight, pull industry off dead center and put stagnated business again into motion. This argument assumes that the farmer holds a distinct and peculiar position in the economic circle, and that the failure of the farmer has been the cause of the break in the round of economic transactions, which in turn has brought upon us the calamities of the past few years. This not only has not been proved, but is most assuredly not true. The troubles of the farmer are of long standing, and are due in no small measure to his earlier attitude on national issues. He traded foreign markets for home markets which have never been adequate. Our banking system is not well fitted to the farmer's business and needs. There has grown up among us a long list of institutions and companies which have capitalized their earnings into figures far beyond reason, and now the struggle is for a share in income which corresponds to the capitalization. As samples one may cite city milk-distributing plants and gas and electric plants.

Our land system needs revamping, so as to keep out of agricultural use much land which threatens to come in at the first opportunity. We need a foreign-trade policy of vigor and vision. We need a settlement of inter-Allied debts. It is true that we want to see prices scaled up, not down. Some sort of inflation is greatly to be desired over continued deflation. We may profit, while other and more fundamental reforms are in the making, by some sort of agricultural allotment act, but we should like to see in clearer perspective than the present bill affords the lines of its outer limits, and know with more certainty its center of gravity.

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Gold-plated Anarchy

An Interpretation of the Fall of the Giants

By DONALD RICHBERG

AT this moment, when the giants of American finance who for decades have dominated our economic and political life are proved by their own confession to be irresponsible "money changers," devoid of social vision or of simple honesty, it is urgently necessary that the American people shall not be misled into centering upon a few individuals, culpable as they may be, a wrath which should be mainly directed against neither an individual nor a class, but against the business ideal of power without responsibility or obligation which permeates the upper as well as the lower strata of American life. It is this anarchistic ideal, held alike by the "hard-boiled" men who dominate huge corporations and by the racketeers of the underworld, that has so corrupted business and politics that our prevailing social condition is that of civil war between economic tyrannies, waged with reckless disregard for the general welfare.

In all the tumult following the collapse of the Insull empire, the most significant factor in Insull's rise and fall was given little consideration. Hasty biographers and superficial critics, emboldened by the spectacle of a fleeing ruler, denounced and explained his career by distinguishing his exceptional sins from the supposedly common virtues of men of large affairs. In the light of the revelations and events of the past few weeks it is more than ever apparent that the true significance of the career of Samuel Insull lies in the fact that his sins were *not* exceptional, save in the sweep of his ambitions and the extent of the injuries he inflicted.

Many years ago, in the heat of a public controversy in which Mr. Insull had been typically ruthless of public and private rights, I described him as a "gold-plated anarchist." It would be futile and might seem spiteful to revive this characterization if the fallen emperor were unique in the methods and results of his wrongdoing. But during more than fifteen years of persistent opposition to Insull control of public utilities, including twelve years as the official representative of the City of Chicago, my hostility has always been directed against an anti-social system and philosophy rather than against any individual—even one so individually important and dangerous as Samuel Insull. Now that the glittering names of so many former giants must be placed beside his, an interpretation of his career may aid in the understanding of the tragedy of irresponsible leadership that has wasted the wealth and jeopardized the security of the nation.

The outstanding characteristic of Samuel Insull was ruthlessness. Anything which blocked his path must be destroyed by any available method. Is this not a quality of successful business which we have practically deified? Do we become indignant at corruption of government, at private treachery, at callous cruelty, which are made the means of amassing great money power? The answer of the last twenty years is quite clear. We do not. We scorn the petty stealings, the small deceits, and the mean tricks of little men who go to jail. We do not applaud the imperial crimes of fortune-makers who keep out of jail. We do tolerate them as apparently necessary methods of achieving a worthy ambition for wealth and power. But most unhealthy of all popular attitudes is our acceptance of the unwritten law that power brings release from the responsibilities and obligations of the humble. The coral growth of this false and menacing ideal has been difficult to observe, yet very rapid in the present century. It is only when we return from a journey that we suddenly note how a child has grown. It is only when looking back to the "Victorian" nineties that we may observe the startling growth of the gold-plated anarchy that has become in reality our "invisible government."

At the outset of this interpretation one fact of political economy, which is little appreciated, must be written in bold type. *Economic power depends on political power.* It is a common error to assume that most of the political law that is essential is inevitable—because it is the product of ancient customs and racial traditions. This error is the source of the commonly expressed desire of successful money-makers to be "let alone" by government. They really want everyone governed but themselves. The hard-headed realists, the Insulls and the Mitchells, who seek to capture and wield great money power, always see the need for controlling political power. Frequently they mask their effort by publicly asserting the need for "protection" from political interference. Indeed, this is such a prevalent disguise for political aggression that doubtless most of the Insulls most of the time feel assured that they only carry a sword for defense and not for attack when they lead a wealth-gathering foray. And in truth, if people would submit generously to exploitation, if they were willing to work for wages fixed for them and to pay prices fixed for them, if they were not competitive and liberty-loving, moved by appetites and emotions, and possessed of the normal human virtues and vices, their would-be rulers might gather their taxes with gentle hands and cunning words and never use the sword. But with human nature as it is, and generally selfish and combative, no self-chosen ruler can accumulate or retain the wealth and power which others desire without controlling the institutions of organized man power which we call government.

There is in this analysis of the Insull need for control of government no questioning of the logic that drives a captain of industry to become an overlord of politics. Nor is it worth while at the moment to debate the issue whether concentrated wealth, with its inevitable associate, an autocratic control of government, is "better" than a more democratic distribution of both economic and political power. The one important point is that no human power system can be sound or lasting in which increase of power is not accompanied by increase of responsibility and obligation to human beings. The undebatable error, the demonstrated insanity, of the Insull philosophy lies in its repudiation of this law of political science.

Throughout the years of his political rule in Chicago we heard many sermons from Mr. Insull, in newspaper inter-

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views, on the witness stand, and over the radio, eulogizing his noble acceptance and fulfilment of responsibility and obligation to his investors, sometimes even to his consumers, always an obligation to be fulfilled by giving some pecuniary value in exchange for more value received—in other words, by being a good business man. Unhappily, in two decades of watering securities and overcharging for services, he never did keep faith with either his obligations to investors or his obligations to consumers. And during all his years of apparent success he never even accepted the responsibility for a beneficent use of the vast political power he acquired.

On the contrary, Samuel Insull was more responsible than any other one man in Chicago's history for the degradation of municipal government to its lowest level of corruption and incompetence. At the same time he played a very discreditable part in the downward slide of State and national governments during the post-war era of political decadence. It was this misuse of political power which in the end destroyed his economic power. Honest, watchful government would have saved Insull from himself. But the anarchistic purpose with which he sought to rise above the law, the success with which he stifled governmental efforts to regulate his activities, the arrogance with which he brushed aside criticism and restraint, prepared the way for his fatal failure to meet the social obligations which he had incurred, but which he would not permit to be enforced against him.

Insull gave Chicago three terms of Bill Thompson as mayor—twelve long years—not because he exactly wanted incompetent, wasteful, crime-ridden city government, but because above all things he wanted a city government sufficiently weak and crooked so that he, Insull, could ride above it and exercise his money power unrestrained by the demands of a strong, responsible government. He wove his tentacles of control into and around the State government, not because he exactly wanted a grafting, extravagant, political machine to run the State, but because he wanted weak puppets to sit on the State commission, whom he could tell—as he did—how far they would be allowed to "regulate" his utilities.

Down into the federal capital went the Insull wires. Congressmen, Senators, Cabinet officers responded to his call. Had not the Mellons of Pittsburgh financed his new Chicago gas plant, with profit to all except the gas consumers, who actually paid the entire cost of the plant and then went on paying Mellon and Insull interest on their own investment? There was no partisanship or political principle anywhere in Insull politics. He financed Thompson for three campaigns. But Roy West, Deneen's manager and Thompson's supposed enemy, profited steadily from association with Insull, as he testified to Senator Reed's committee—before he was named Secretary of the Interior by President Coolidge.

Insull contributed over $150,000 to Utility Commissioner Smith's campaign for Senator. But he tossed an unasked $15,000 to Smith's rival, George Brennan, in the same campaign. A year later, when Bill Thompson was running for mayor against Boss Brennan's candidate, Mayor Dever, a committee of independents began an exposé of the Insull support of Thompson. I was writing the articles and the *Daily News* had agreed to publish them. Brennan had shrugged his shoulders: "I can't control you people, can I?" He knew we would reelect Dever, an honest man, if we could get the full story of the Insull-Thompson alliance to the people.

Then came a long-distance message to Brennan and he changed his attitude. The exposé must stop, he said. Insull had threatened to spend half a million dollars if necessary to buy enough Democratic committeemen to swing a majority vote to Thompson. "I can't afford to lose my organization," Brennan said. He could not stop our independent committee; but he did persuade the *News* that Insull could and would buy the election outright if the articles continued. So they stopped.

"Need any money, old fellow?" Insull had said to Brennan in 1926. A year later that same "friendly" money threatened to destroy Brennan's political power. It was always "the sword that knew no brother."

Let it be granted immediately that we have thousands of business men entirely unsympathetic with the Insull aims and methods. Let it be granted that we have a few large figures in nation-wide business and finance who are vigorously hostile to Insullism. But at the same time we must also grant, if we are honest and well informed, that a large percentage of the most influential and powerful controllers of our money power are law-evading and law-defying to the full extent compatible with personal safety. I do not refer to the general disregard for the Eighteenth Amendment or to universal evasions of taxation.

I am not referring even to business graft or the unscrupulous competitive methods which great money-makers are perennially denouncing in their associates and consistently practicing with remorseless vigor in their own contests for power. Those are matters all worthy of separate consideration. I am referring solely to the demonstrated unwillingness of many of the uncrowned rulers of America to submit to any undesired control of their activities by law, and to their persistent policy of corrupting government so far as may be necessary to permit them to disregard regulatory law.

The activities of the electric light and power companies in poisoning public opinion and perverting State and federal regulation have been thoroughly exposed by the investigations of the Federal Trade Commission and various legislative committees. The degeneration of most of the State commissions from protectors of consumers to servants of the utilities is an often-written, shameless chapter of recent history. In these methodical programs to render public government subservient to private ends, the voice and hand of Insull were frequently evident, but it must be noted that the policies of the entire industry were shaped by, or in accordance with, his lawless ideals. The conspicuous leaders of business and finance who played the game with him for personal advantage—or competed with him—and shared in the spoils of outlawry should not now be permitted to blot their names out of the Insull chapter by suggesting that he was after all an exception.

In the hope of a "new deal" we are moving into a period of inevitable reconstruction. But the dominant question of the hour is: Are we to proceed along the old ways, under the guidance of "chastened" leaders, still leading us into the same promissory land, but now clad in white robes, newly dry-cleaned? The process of a genuine reconstruction cannot begin until we retire, not only from the front rank but from the inner councils of our accepted leadership, those who have demonstrated their incapacity for responsibility—their inability to understand or to fulfil the obligations of power.

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Ships and Floating Hotels

By ARTHUR WARNER

FOR most persons the overshadowing aspect of a visit to Europe, physically and financially, is the steamship trip. The writer of this article confesses to certain prejudices in regard to ships, including a liking for ships as ships rather than as floating palaces or grand hotels. Unlike the unforgettable heroine of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," he does not just dote on ships and the sea, especially on the Majestic because she is so big that when aboard her one thinks oneself in a hotel and not on the ocean at all.

Yet it must be recognized that American travelers to Europe fall into two great categories: those to whom a sea voyage is in itself a joy, and those to whom it is a bore or a nightmare. They fall also into two other important classifications: those with plenty of time, and those limited to a short vacation. Any suggestions about steamships must have regard to the group in which the prospective traveler finds himself. For a person who suspects or knows himself to be unseaworthy, the voice of wisdom naturally recommends a large vessel and a fast one, even though it is possible to afford only the less favorable accommodations. As speed usually goes with size nowadays (it was not always so), the same type of vessel suits the person with a short vacation, unless his love of the sea is such that he would rather spend his holiday on the water than on land. On the other hand, the sea dog who is not too much pressed for time will look with favor on cabin ships and one-class vessels at tourist rates or less, especially if economy is a consideration—and with whom nowadays is it not?

The United States has not held to the pace in passenger travel on the North Atlantic which it set for itself at the end of the World War. It has had no ship but the Leviathan in the super-liner class, and thus has not been able to give a regular service comparable to that of the leading foreign lines. It has been said that our liquor laws have made it impossible to maintain a service of the first rank on the North Atlantic in opposition to European competition. There is something in that, but it should not be forgotten also that American companies are new in the business and have a great deal to learn from their overseas rivals.

Although American companies have been crowded out of the first rank on the transatlantic lanes, they have established a place for themselves in the operation of cabin ships. The new Manhattan is a splendid example of modern shipbuilding and equipment, and with her sister ship (expected to be in service this summer) is rated as the highest grade of cabin vessel afloat. Also, exceptionally economical service in one-class vessels is offered by several lines of American-flag ships.

When it comes to craft under foreign flags, it is a safe rule to pick one of a country whose nationals you like to mix with ashore. If you like the English, if you enjoy on shipboard adherence to convention and respect for tradition, you will be at home on a ship under the British colors. If you put good food and service at the head of your requirements, you can hardly fail to be satisfied on a French ship. If you find it convenient to use a North Sea or Baltic port, you should not forget to consider the claims of Dutch and Scandinavian lines, on which the food is also worth commending. German vessels enjoyed a high degree of popularity among Americans before the World War, and in the intervening years a brand-new fleet has come gradually into existence, recapturing the old prestige.

This feat of the Germans in coming back in a decade with a newly created fleet of the first rank is equaled only by the performance of the Italians. Ten years ago Italian vessels were ignored by American travelers as small, slow, and inferior. Today Italy, with her new Rex and Conte di Savoia, is at the top in the evolution of the "luxury ship," and whatever one may think of the economics of the development, one must applaud it as an engineering and administrative accomplishment.

Before troubling oneself overmuch about class it is well to remember that on the North Atlantic routes, at least, one gets nowadays about what one pays for. The advantages of the much-extolled competitive system of industry make no appeal to the world's great ocean carriers. They had all they wanted of "rugged individualism" a generation ago when a steerage ticket across the Atlantic could be bought at one time for $7.50. Today the Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference grades every ship according to age, speed, and size, fixing fares for the various accommodations in conformity with what its experts regard as equal values.

Frequently the conference's ratings, which the steamship companies do not publish, cut ruthlessly across the nominal classes on one ship as compared with those on another, depriving them of meaning. For instance, since the recently built United States liner Manhattan is called a cabin ship, one might expect its minimum fare to be less than that of a first-class passage on any other vessel. Actually, one can buy a first-class ticket to Rotterdam on the Holland-America's Veendam or Volendam for $132, while the minimum rate to Hamburg on the Manhattan is $161, because the latter, despite the fact that she is designated to the public as a cabin ship, is in fact newer, faster, and larger than the other two vessels.

In the good old days when Warren G. Harding was President most vessels carried three classes of passengers—first, second, and third (or steerage). There were a few vessels, slow and not luxurious, carrying passengers in their best accommodations at second-cabin rates. They came to be known as cabin ships. The name is not descriptive and has caused some misunderstanding. A woman inquired recently of a travel agent the cost of a first-class passage on the Aquitania. Seeing that she seemed somewhat taken aback when he quoted the figure, the travel agent suggested tactfully, "Perhaps you would prefer to take a cabin ship?" "Why!" exclaimed the woman, still more surprised. "Are there no cabins on the Aquitania?"

Bad as the name cabin ship is, it has stuck, and vessels of that type have increased greatly in number and popularity. Meanwhile another class has burgeoned even more surprisingly. Immigration having nearly stopped a decade ago, the

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third-class quarters of transatlantic steamships had become almost deserted. In this dilemma it occurred to some bright mind to segregate part of the steerage, sweeten it with a little perfume, throw in a jazz orchestra, and offer it to persons, especially students, unable to pay the higher rates. It was called student or tourist third, and at an advance of $10 or $15 above the usual steerage fare became as much a fad as jigsaw puzzles today. The word "third" was dropped after a short time, and the new category, known simply as tourist, grew so that it usurped the quarters of the second class—never popular among Americans because of the designation.

Today there are no second-class quarters on steamships on the northern routes to Europe except on the Bremen and Europa. The tourist class has in effect become the second, the difference in price between it and the third—to which less space is given than formerly—has widened, and we are beginning the old evolution again. To use a word much in esteem nowadays, one cycle has ended and another is under way. A couple of years ago what was called "restricted third" was offered on certain vessels. The Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference, swinging its big stick, has forbidden the use of the phrase, but the evolution is going on just the same. Various lines are offering on certain dates of the summer "student sailings," for which it is proposed to book white-collar travelers in the third class and shunt to other vessels the collarless and those whose linen inclines toward dark white. Anyway it is obvious that when a party or a travel bureau buys part or all of the third-class quarters on a steamship, it thereby accomplishes a segregation of its own. Both the Open Road and the Bureau of University Travel are offering certain trips this year with third-class steamship travel, while the Pocono Study Tours is sending all its students that way.

Because fares are fixed according to ship as well as according to class, there is—as already pointed out—much variation in prices for a given class. There are slight differences also depending on one's port of departure on this side and arrival on the other. In a general way it may be said that minimum first-class fares run from $132 on the Veendam and Volendam to $221 on the Bremen and Europa; minimum cabin fares from $115 to $161; minimum tourist fares from $94.50 to $120.50; minimum third-class fares from about $75 to $100. There will be a 5 per cent increase in eastbound rates from the middle of June to the middle of July and in westbound fares from the middle of August to the middle of September.

One hears much nowadays of cheap travel on "freight boats." The phrase seems to have acquired a lure somewhat akin to that attaching to "tourist third" when that class made its debut nearly a decade ago. Unfortunately, the description "freight boat" is as loose as "cabin ship," since all vessels carry some freight and it is an important source of revenue even of most of the well-known passenger liners. There are, it is true, any number of vessels churning through the Seven Seas which are not licensed to carry passengers, aboard which one can, nevertheless, sometimes get a passage by signing on as a member of the crew but, by payment of a stipulated sum to the skipper or the company, travel in fact as a passenger. This technique, though possible, is not widely practicable, and is not what usually is meant by travel on freight boats. The phrase has reference to travel by ships which are primarily cargo carriers but are licensed to take passengers and have accommodations for a limited number of them on a one-class basis.

Such vessels are small and slow as transatlantic liners go, but the accommodations are on upper decks and appeal to persons who like the sea and have time to spend upon it. They get less Broadway cabaret but more Atlantic Ocean. As the lines are not affiliated with the Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference, the fares are not regulated by that body but are as low as, or lower than, tourist rates, while travelers are in effect first-class passengers with the full run of the ship. One line sends vessels of this type from Baltimore and Norfolk to Havre and Hamburg. Another operates craft between New York and London and New York and Hamburg. A third runs boats between New York and Copenhagen. The vessels of all three are under the American flag. Several other companies dispatch ships carrying a few passengers at low rates.

There are four good-sized craft on the North Atlantic under the British flag two of which carry only tourist passengers and the others tourist and third-cabin travelers. Thus on all four ships the tourist cabin is the top class.

Prospective travelers to Europe will find it worth while to inquire about possibilities of transatlantic passage from the ports nearest to their homes, as considerable amounts in railway fare can sometimes be saved in that way. For persons living in the South sailings are available from a number of ports along the coast from Baltimore to Galveston. New Englanders have the advantage not only of services out of Boston but of those through the St. Lawrence River from Montreal and Quebec. The St. Lawrence River sailings, convenient also for residents of the Middle West, include some of the most economical of the cabin ships operated by Canadian and English companies.

Of course the lane across the North Atlantic is not the only path to Europe. If one is visiting Mediterranean countries, the Italian lines, now operating as a unit, offer a direct route by sea, and for one who is making an extended tour of Europe may often be used advantageously in at least one direction. The Italian lines do not encourage general travelers to use their third-class services, but their ships carry tourist passengers and, unlike vessels on the northern routes, still retain a second class. In addition, the two new superliners, Rex and Conte di Savoia, have what is known as a "special class" between first and second.

There is a sizable fleet operated by an American company to Mediterranean and Black Sea ports carrying passengers on a one-class basis. Besides the ships running on a fixed schedule, there are a number which, although regularly making certain ports, vary their itineraries somewhat in accordance with opportunities to take or leave cargo. The round trip by such ships, known as "vagabond cruises," takes from two to two and a half months, according to route, and may be made for less than $5 a day.

Those looking for economical summer trips by water will find them also among the various services between New York and San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. One can make the two weeks' trip on passenger vessels under the American flag for as little as $120, tourist class. There is a line devoted chiefly to cargo but carrying a few passengers in one class. Its boats take about a month for the run between New York and San Francisco, via Los Angeles. The fare is $99, or about $3 a day.

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Besides information obtained from travel agencies and the standard guidebooks in regard to hotels and transportation abroad, recent data may be had from the tourist offices which most of the countries of Europe maintain in New York, as also from the headquarters in that city of foreign railway systems. A letter of inquiry addressed to the Consul General in New York of the country in which one is interested usually will reach a source of information. Persons looking toward Europe with the intention of studying there are invited to write to the University Service of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, 57 Broadway, New York. Information is given gratis, without obligation to travel by the company's ships. The service aims to be a clearing-house for data in regard to courses in medicine, art, music, drama, language, economics, and other subjects which are given in European schools and universities and are open to Americans. A pamphlet outlining summer courses in Europe open to Americans has just been published and may be had free.

[*This is the second of a series of articles on various aspects of travel. A third article, on travel in Soviet Russia, will appear in an early issue.*]

British Policy in India Fails

By RICHARD B. GREGG

NOW that the British government has issued its proposals for constitutional change in India, and yet the British censorship lets so little news from India come through, many people are wondering what will be the final outcome of the struggle there. It is appropriate, therefore, to state the principal facts and reasons why we may be sure that India, as represented by the Indian National Congress, will win her political and economic freedom from Great Britain. Some of the reasons are found in India, some in Great Britain. In India the most important is that the Indian National Congress, despite the savage attacks upon it by the government for over a year, is still the largest and best-organized political party in the country, and is steadily growing in strength. An important corollary of this is that the Indian groups upon which the government has hitherto relied for support—the princes, landlords, Moslem Old Guard, and Hindu Moderates—are steadily growing weaker.

The brutality and thoroughness of the government's ordinances against the Congress have greatly decreased the number and size of mass demonstrations of civil disobedience. At the same time they have been one of the chief reasons for the growth of Indian sympathy with the Congress and its methods. In the debate during September, 1932, in the Indian Legislative Assembly, on the bill to turn the ordinances into statute law, one member, Jehangir Munshi, was reported to have said that men like himself who two years before had had no faith in the Congress had begun, thanks to the government's methods and policy, to believe that the Congress was the only living body and that its method represented the only way of obtaining the political objective. And in the same debate Sir Abdur Rahim, leader of the Indian Independent Party, a Moslem ex-judge of the High Courts of Calcutta and Madras, and ex-member of the Government of Bengal, is reported to have said that "Congressmen . . . would welcome the bill, while non-Congressmen would be driven to join the Congress by these stringent laws."

The Congress is also being strengthened by the Poona pact secured by Gandhi's fast in September last, and by the strong movement against all aspects of untouchability, which has created greater social and political unity among Hindus, has demonstrated once more to the British, and to the world at large, the immense moral and political power of Gandhi, and has strengthened the ideal of non-violence. It not only has unified the Hindu castes, but has called forth the vigorous support of Indian women everywhere, and has mollified the attitude of Moslems, Sikhs, Parsees, and Indian Christians toward Hindus. Out of this grew the next movement which has strengthened the Congress and weakened the Old Guard Moslems, namely, the Unity movement and the Allahabad agreement between important leaders of all the Indian communities. Although that agreement missed complete ratification by a narrow margin, it was substantially successful except in Bengal. There is fair prospect of its ultimate success even there. It lays the basis for much stronger opposition to the government's program.

The government, by arbitrarily attaching the Indian rupee to the pound sterling when the British pound went off gold, has caused a drain of over $300,000,000 worth of gold from India. Naturally this has angered Indian financiers and business men, and made them more opposed to the government and more ready to help the Congress. There is some indication that this drain of gold may be beginning to pinch the Indian landlords. At any rate the London *Times* of last November 28 tells of "an unprecedented situation" in the Legislative Council of the United Provinces "brought about by a decision of the landholders, who are ordinarily staunch supporters of the government, to oppose all official resolutions as a protest against the government's inability to accept their demands for remissions of revenue." If the landlords are being forced to sell their gold in order to pay their land taxes, their support of the government will tend to weaken further as the drain of gold continues. As a considerable number of the Moslem Old Guard are landlords, their support may become less enthusiastic also.

The younger men of all communities are disgusted with the communal jealousies, suspicions, and bickerings of the older men. For example, although the elders of the All-India Moslem Conference rejected the Allahabad agreement, it apparently cost them the support of the All-India Moslem Youth League, the Nationalist Moslem Party, the Afghan Jirga, the Majisli Ahrar, and the Jamiat-ul-Ulema, or association of Moslem divines of Delhi and of Cawnpore. So another pillar of the Empire in India weakens. Furthermore, the fact is being steadily hammered home to Indians of all sorts, that the Congress program and method are the only ones which yield results.

We have seen how the landlords and Moslem loyalists are losing strength. The Moderates have been much weak-

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ened by the failure of the third Round Table Conference to yield any advance whatsoever to the Indian claims. After their return to India Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar issued a statement about the results of the conference which was so full of doubt and failure dressed in windy phrases that it convinced no one. The Bombay Liberal Association has recently condemned the proceedings of the third Round Table Conference. N. C. Kelkar, a delegate to the conference, on arriving home, expressed "our disappointment and dissatisfaction" with the results, according to the Bombay *Chronicle* of January 13, 1933. The same issue of that paper carried a long statement by the Indian Merchants Chamber which severely condemned the results of the third Round Table Conference and said that the words of Sir Samuel Hoare closing the conference "have given rise to apprehensions and misgivings in the minds even of some of the liberal statesmen of this country."

Even the Indian princes are becoming less helpful to Great Britain. As they watch the popular desire and demand for freedom grow stronger in all the Indian provinces of British India, as they note the rising power of the Indian Congress, as they see the uprisings and refusals to pay taxes in the states of Kashmir and Alwar and the intervention of British troops in both those states, as they note the eagerness of British statesmen to use the princes as a conservative brake on the proposed new Indian legislature, they grow averse to coming into closer political association with progressive Indian people, they dread the possibility of further British interference with their own internal affairs, and yet are increasingly reliant upon British troops as the possibilities of local disorders tend to increase. At the same time, because they have some grievances of their own against the British government, and because they want to be secure and if possible supreme in power in the proposed Indian federation, they are setting a higher and higher price upon their consent to enter it, and delaying their final decision as long as possible. These delays and obstructions are making all the British Indian elements still more suspicious and more angry against Great Britain.

The third Round Table Conference yielded nothing to Indian demands. Instead, it raised the "safeguards" still higher and watered down even the previous pretenses of self-government as shown by the recent British "White Paper." To this the princes, landlords, and Moslem reactionaries do not object, but they are not numerous enough to run the proposed new constitution. A far wider element of consent is necessary. Unless the Moderates are enthusiastic and convinced enough to be able to persuade a large number of other Indians, and show to such doubting and hostile and suspicious groups a really substantial grant of power to them, the whole scheme must fail. And since all those things are lacking, the Moderates are left high and dry, with everyone saying, "Fooled again!"

To such a handicap is added the further embarrassment of the continuing imprisonment of Gandhi and the other Congress leaders. At a meeting called by the Indian Conciliation Group in London, just after the close of the third Round Table Conference, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the chief leader of the Indian Moderates, said:

> The amount of dissatisfaction with the government, the amount of discontent, the amount of bitterness in India in nearly every home have been far greater than at any time within my experience. . . .
>
> We are anxious that the constitution which we accept here should be discussed among ourselves. I do want to discuss these things with Congressmen, and when I talk of Congressmen, it is impossible for me to discuss, it is impossible for Mr. Jayakar to discuss what we have been doing here with any Congressmen so long as Mahatma Gandhi is in jail. . . .

Despite this impasse, the British Tories in England and the British members of the Civil Service in India are strongly opposed to releasing the political prisoners. In India it is also widely believed that the Viceroy has an active personal dislike of Gandhi which interferes with his judgment. Gandhi's immense moral power over his people was strikingly demonstrated to the world at the time of his fast last September, and the British ruling class is afraid that if he is released he will be able to unite the entire country against it. My guess is that he will not be released until after Parliament actually enacts the proposed new constitution for India into law.

To sum up, the British "dual policy" of repression on the one hand, together with constitutional changes on the other, is a failure in both its aspects. Repression has not crushed either the Congress or the spirit of the people and has only driven its activities underground and helped to unify all Indian groups against the government. And the so-called "reforms" are so patently a fraud and breach of previous high-sounding British announcements that no popular consent or even acquiescence for them can be obtained in India. The present policy of repression cannot go on forever for financial, political, and moral reasons. It is too hard on British prestige in India, in Great Britain, and abroad. Military reconquest of India by the British would be too expensive from a financial standpoint; it would also probably smash the morale of the Indian army, and would completely ruin British prestige abroad.

Besides these factors in India, there are some in England. There is now an active organization, with many influential people in its membership, strongly opposed to the government's repressive policies in India. This is the India League, headed by Lord Bertrand Russell. Its influence is growing. During the spring and summer, after the publication of the new constitution and its presentation to Parliament, discussion of the Indian problem will become more open and intense than at any time yet during the struggle. The British people will then be squarely faced with an issue of immense importance to the Empire. With the lid off, the existing divisions among the British in regard to this question will become deeper, wider, and more numerous. There is a conflict of policy between British high finance and the army on one side and British trade, manufacturing, and insurance on the other. The latter group, despite their fears of the future, favor a more liberal policy. The British Labor Party and many Liberals want to end the repression. Much of this disagreement will come out into the open. The discussions and bickerings will be reported in the British journals and press and will be read in India. That will help to discourage British members of the Civil Service in India and Indian loyalists, and will tend to encourage sympathizers with Indian Nationalist aims.

There is a demand for Indian government securities because, since the great British government-debt conversion of last autumn, Indian government securities yield so much more interest than British government securities. This fact,

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together with the continuance of the drain of gold from India, gives income and financial credit to the Indian government despite the greatly decreased regular sources of income from customs duties, railways, land revenue, income tax, and so on, and despite the fact that most of the Indian provinces have heavy deficits. This will enable and tempt the government to maintain its existence for some time after all popular consent is gone in India. This artificial appearance of financial and political solvency is the basis for the defensive optimism in recent speeches of the Viceroy and Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India. It will tend to deceive the British people and cause them to support policies which will destroy the government in India swiftly as soon as the break comes. Race pride and British imperial pride act both as censors on important information and as inhibitors of wisdom. The British governing class does not understand Gandhi or his methods, and underestimates the power of both. Hence this governing class will continue to make irretrievable mistakes and steadily lose ground in India. This will be true even if Gandhi dies, for he has a large following who understand and believe thoroughly in his method. The British are a remarkable people, highly disciplined and strongly united, but in these particular circumstances their very discipline and trust in their leaders are weaknesses. The leaders are mistaken and the nation is blind. The policies which are being followed are destroying every possibility of retaining British political and economic control of India.

This struggle comes at a time when Great Britain is surrounded by more complex, delicate, and fateful problems than perhaps at any previous time in its history. Ireland, ties with the dominions, trouble in Kenya, discontent in Ceylon, administrative difficulties in Malaya, the precarious balance of power in Europe, relations with Russia, relations with the United States, with Argentina, the situation between Japan and China, the internal difficulties connected with unemployment and the economic depression—all these weaken Britain in relation to India.

Everyone, including leaders of the British ruling class, admits that nationalism and desire for self-government are sentiments which are found in every section and class and community throughout India, and that the strength of these sentiments is steadily increasing. Years ago Sir John Seeley wrote in his "Expansion of Empire":

> If ever there should arise in India a nationality movement similar to that which we have witnessed in Italy, the English power could not even make the resistance that was made in Italy by Austria, but must succumb at once. . . . If India does at last begin to breathe as a single national whole . . . then there would be needed no explosion of despair. The moment that a mutiny is threatened, which shall be no mere mutiny but the expression of a universal feeling of nationality, at that same moment all hope is at an end—as all desire ought to be at an end—of preserving our Empire.

Lastly, the Indian movement is only a part of an all-Asiatic movement against the exploitation of the West. When about nine hundred million aspiring people begin to move they acquire a momentum that is irresistible. The old idea that the East never changes is no longer true. Profound changes are taking place there more rapidly than in the West. Some fruits may take long to ripen, but when fully ripe they fall as quickly as any other.

In the Driftway

IT has often enough been pointed out that American civilization is declining. Gone are the good old days, and the Drifter has done his share of mourning for them. But in no aspect of our life has this decay, this disappearance of the heroic virtues, been more distressingly apparent than in the art of eating. The most eloquent tribute to American eating has lately been paid by Mrs. Sheila Hibben in her volume, "The National Cookbook." The Drifter does not pretend to know her admirable book by heart, but he cannot recall offhand any wreath laid by her at the feet—or around the edges of the Buckwheat Pancake. This noble concoction, he notes with pain, is disappearing from our national life. Although it still exists in certain sections of the country, city dwellers are almost completely strange to it. Not long ago the Drifter was present at a conference where five American cooks, all native born, and with plenty of general culinary competence, wrangled for an hour about how buckwheat pancakes should be made, and then were obliged to consult a cookbook, which naturally gave them information in almost every respect erroneous.

* * * * *

LET it be said first that the buckwheat pancake, in its true form, is black, sour, heavy, and completely full of dough. It is, of course, made with real buckwheat flour, not the pale imitations that are called prepared buckwheat. Moreover, one yeast cake is enough for a winter, since the cook saves enough of the batter to make a rising for the next morning. (Need it be said that buckwheats are a breakfast dish?) The book consulted by the Drifter's cooks called for bread crumbs. Shades of our Puritan ancestors! Buckwheat cakes are made with water, soda, and molasses. Just before the batter is poured, after it has stood by the stove all night to rise (a real stove, of course, with a real fire in it, not a contraption that burns gas or electricity), it may be thinned with milk. In fact it is probably weeks of souring milk that give the batter its rich, dark-green smell. The molasses is said to be what makes the cakes brown. But the Drifter doubts it. When they appear in a stack on one's plate, about to be lathered with butter and smothered with maple—not cane—syrup, golden, crisp, weighty, he rather imagines that the brownness comes direct from heaven.

* * * * *

THE Drifter goes thus into detail about buckwheat cakes not in the hope that the effete cities will take to them, or that he will ever again have them for breakfast, but that an almost lost art may not quite perish from the earth. If we may not have buckwheats in their own sweet flesh, we may have them in the words of a devotee. It is quite true that they may give a person who eats a great many of them—and who could eat fewer?—a slight touch of dyspepsia. But dyspepsia seems a welcome fate compared to that of the unfortunate children of the present day, to whom spinach water and prune pulp are delicacies. It is a poor kind of American who will deny himself ambrosia merely for the sake of avoiding the stomach ache.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The German Socialists

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am astonished at your jibe at the Social Democrats of Germany. You seem always to take the Bolshevik standpoint. You do not seem to realize that the Socialists never had full power in Germany. You also do not seem to know that Socialists are strong believers in the ideal of democracy and democratic methods, not only as a means to an end but also as an end in itself. What did you expect the German Socialists to do? Commit the same atrocities as the Hitlerites and their allies in barbarism, the Communists?

Why not blame the Communists with whom you seem to sympathize? They did everything possible to destroy the democracy and worked hand in glove with the Hitlerites in and out of Parliament, even exchanging editors in their publications and organizing a car strike just to hurt the Socialists in the election.

New York, March 29 J. Bornstein

That Atheist Advertisement

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am exceedingly pleased and gratified to see that you are carrying advertisements of the *Militant Atheist.* I was one of the first subscribers to that publication, have already perused two issues, and have found them highly informative and exceedingly interesting.

Undoubtedly even in this day there are many educated and intelligent women who do not know that religion—especially the great religions of the world—is responsible for most of the humiliations that women have suffered.

New York, March 2 Katherine M. Godley

To the Editors of The Nation:

I quite agree with Mrs. Heywood Broun's protest about the *Militant Atheist.* The general appeal of the advertisement seems on a level with that of the Little Blue Books which issue from the same source; that appeal was neatly defined when I called at one of their stores for Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" and was understood to ask for "The Coming of the Stork."

Detroit, March 1 Dorothy Tyler

To the Editors of The Nation:

As a subscriber for many years to *The Nation,* I wish to add my protest to that of Mrs. Heywood Broun in regard to your advertisements of the *Militant Atheist.* I do not question your right to accept any advertisement. In this instance it is a question of taste, and of good manners toward those of your readers who are not atheists, militant or otherwise.

Winter Park, Fla., March 1 Mary Francis Baker

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mrs. Heywood Broun countenances drinking but complains against your printing atheists' advertising. Charles C. Ramsay approves of "free thought and free speech except such as is positively obscene."

Now I believe in God, in drinking, and in the atheist's right to advertise. But I also believe in and approve of obscenity, and I take umbrage at Mr. Ramsay's attempt to make me a pariah. I certainly feel it is proper for Mrs. Broun and Mr. Ramsay to rein in their liberality at what point they wish, provided their reservations do not openly cast reflection on me.

I submit that we obscenists should be allowed space to combat ostracism by other liberals. The fact that our works may become canonized later does not entirely compensate such insinuations as Mr. Ramsay's that we are not here and now quite tolerable.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 15 George Smedley

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mrs. Heywood Broun, in writing about the *Militant Atheist,* asked: "Why this mania to take from others a privilege which we ourselves do not want?"

I believe that most religious sects make a very serious effort to convert other people to their faith. They employ missionaries and spend considerable effort and money in the process. If this action is justifiable, why is it not also right for an atheist to try to convert his neighbors to his lack of faith?

Chicago, March 3 S. M. Fergus

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Haldeman-Julius's shocked surprise that I should suggest the suppression of an advertisement in *The Nation* or any other magazine is quite wasted. Of course, I was not guilty of any such stupidity, but I was offended by the advertisement's gratuitous abuse of the Christian church and its members. Charles C. Ramsay accuses me of hostility to the atheist cult. I concede to the individual the right to practice atheism, voodooism, nudism, or any other ism that may appeal; I only ask in return respect for those of other faiths.

New York, March 10 Mrs. Heywood Broun

The Crawford Case

To the Editors of The Nation:

Miss Boardman's article in *The Nation* of March 8 cannot fail to cause those who know neither Virginia nor Leesburg, the county seat of Loudoun County, to doubt that George Crawford will have a fair trial and adequate protection if extradited from Massachusetts. I am a Northener born and bred, but for many years I have been a part-time resident of Leesburg, where Crawford will be tried if extradited. I have been in many parts of the country, but I have to find a more law-abiding and well-ordered country section than Loudoun County and its county seat, Leesburg, a small and quaint town whose history extends back to pre-Revolutionary days.

If Crawford is returned for trial, undoubtedly the prosecuting attorney will exert all his powers to secure a conviction. But that does not mean an unfair trial. It must not be overlooked that the present judge is a well-educated gentleman, an experienced lawyer, and a man whose character and family traditions would not allow him to conduct a trial unfairly in his court, especially when the accused is one of a race which in that part of Virginia still looks to the gentry for leadership and protection. Further, undoubtedly the jury would be a fair cross-section of the local white population, namely, farmers and business men. The jury will certainly not be of that type of park-bench semi-morons which, as a lawyer, I have often dealt with in juries in some of our large cities.

As for real danger of lynching, that is all past now. It is planned to protect Crawford by at least fifteen extra police and troops if necessary. I have no doubt that if Crawford is extradited, Virginia will see that no just criticism can be made of his trial or treatment.

Washington, March 10 Charles T. Tittmann

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An Important Omission

To the Editors of The Nation:

Apparently an error in copying my original article, which I wrote when I was out of town, was responsible for the omission from my statement on banking in your issue of March 22 of an important specification, namely, that not only should the Federal Reserve system be socially controlled but that the twelve Federal Reserve banks should be completely owned by the government. This is the more important because an extension of their facilities throughout the country is essential to any scheme of socialized banking.

May I also claim enough of your space to point out that not only has the country lost a magnificent opportunity to nationalize banking, but also that the steps thus far taken, while doubtless necessary to protect us against unsound banks, are causing a further drastic deflation primarily at the expense of unlucky depositors in the 20 per cent or more banks still virtually closed. Unless there is affirmative legislation in the direction of nationalization, the vacuum will inevitably be filled by an extension, directly or indirectly, of the power and services of the big banks. The money changers, somewhat chastened, will be back again in the temple.

New York, March 24 Norman Thomas

"Ann Vickers"

To the Editors of The Nation:

In justice to the seniors of Manhattan College, whom you mentioned in your issue of March 15, allow me to present the true facts concerning the senior poll recently held at the college.

The seniors number 170, and a recheck of the ballots cast shows that 143 students participated in the poll. Twenty-one books were voted upon, and since no restrictions were placed upon the seniors as to preference, no single book received more than eight votes, with the exception of the book in question, which received nine. During the course of the balloting, a senior facetiously inquired, "What about 'Ann Vickers'?" and in a jocular spirit, nine votes were cast for the book.

When the poll was published, it gave an apparent impression that a majority of the senior class preferred to read books of this stamp. But the circumstances surrounding the actual balloting are not known to the general public, and in all fairness to a group of young men who are sincere and earnest in their endeavor to emulate their worthy predecessors, I feel it my duty to acquaint you with the situation in its true light.

New York, March 18 William A. Burns
Editor-in-chief, the *Quadrangle*.

The "Ironic Temper"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Without wishing to step between the swords in the Chevalier-Wright duel on the subject of Anatole France, may I call *The Nation's* attention to a curious if minor point. Mr. Wright ends his letter printed in *The Nation* of February 22 with the statement that his strictures on Anatole France are no more "niggling" or "self-righteous" than those of several French critics, among whom he names Bernard Fay. Some of M. Fay's views might seem a bit out of place if adopted by a critic writing for *The Nation*. For instance, M. Fay cites as an example of Anatole France's lack of political stability the fact that he, while enjoying the favor of the republican regime in France, was willing to serve as one of the contributing editors "de la revue anti-française *The Nation* de New York" ("Panorama de la littérature contemporaine," p. 105).

Of course this proves nothing, but may help explain why the "ironic temper," though it may be destructive, is not entirely obsolete.

Chicago, February 23 Grace M. Sproull

In the Interest of More Accuracy

To the Editors of The Nation:

In your issue of March 22, under the heading "In the Interest of Accuracy," you publish a letter from Maurice Firth regarding Commander John Kenworthy.

May I point out, in the interest of accurate accuracy, that the member of Parliament for Hull, Central, for many years until the last election was Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Montagu Kenworthy and not John Kenworthy, as your correspondent incorrectly pointed out.

New York, March 16 Joseph Marks

Contributors to This Issue

B. H. Hibbard, author of "Marketing Agricultural Products," is professor of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin.

Donald Richberg is a Chicago lawyer. He is general counsel for the National Conference on Valuation of Railroads and for the Railway Labor Executives Association.

Arthur Warner, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "A Landlubber's Log."

Richard B. Gregg, author of "The Economics of Khaddar" and "The Psychology and Strategy of Gandhi's Non-Violent Resistance," spent nearly four years in India, living most of the time in the Gandhi colony.

V. F. Calverton is the editor of the *Modern Monthly*.

Eda Lou Walton is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

Kenneth White is a writer of book reviews for various literary periodicals.

Melville J. Herskovits is in the department of anthropology of Northwestern University.

Eliseo Vivas, a member of the department of philosophy of the University of Wisconsin, was formerly Venezuelan Consul in Philadelphia.

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Books, Drama, Music

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

All of the steps that our slow love has taken
Were your own steps at last, who led the way.
I was too fixed—or like an oak was shaken
That has been marked to fall yet never may.
Never unless you taught me had I known it:
Love must be advancing or it dies.
You found each resting-place, but had outgrown it
Before I too was ready to arise.
Love is a journey to no end, except
One traveler, halting, cannot journey more.
When I awoke you had as wisely stepped
As the sole fox across a forest floor;
So I would always follow you; and will
To the last hedge upon the highest hill.

Blockhead and Genius

James Boswell. By C. E. Vulliamy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

THIS is both a serious and an entertaining volume. Quite possibly an even better study of its subject may some day be written, but the present one has, among other advantages, that of being the first extended account of James Boswell since the publication of the Isham papers made him, perhaps, the best self-documented man in all history. Pepys's diary does, after all, cover only a relatively brief and unimportant period in the compiler's life. By comparison with Boswell, Pepys seems, besides, positively reticent. But the author of the greatest biography in any language was absolutely indefatigable in writing himself down as a silly fop, a beastly drunkard, and an indiscriminate, unimaginative lecher.

Mr. Vulliamy draws only sparingly upon the scandalous fulness of the "Private Papers." He feels, not unjustly, that for his purpose nothing would be gained by following in detail the dully repetitious accounts of those intoxications and fornications which Boswell never tired of detailing either for his own satisfaction or for that of Temple, the quiet, mediocre clergyman to whom he wrote so many letters full of matter hardly suitable for a clergyman's ear. Mr. Vulliamy does, however, give just enough to indicate how much of Boswell's time was taken up with such exploits, and what he has chiefly in mind is the problem which has puzzled all commentators—the problem, that is to say, of how such a man could have written such a book as the "Life of Johnson." That problem is not exactly solved, and perhaps it is not solvable. Nevertheless, Mr. Vulliamy does state it clearly, rationally, and without any of that deceptively dramatic emphasis which results if one yields to the temptation either to make the author worse than he was or the book better than it is.

The latter has its definite limitations. It reveals no otherwise unsuspected powers of thought or depth of feeling. It is great almost wholly because of the exquisite sense of conversational values which it exhibits, and one must remember that persons who knew Johnson well regarded it as essentially a clever caricature. Yet the fact remains that Macaulay's famous paradox of the man who wrote a great book *because* he was a blockhead will not hold. Comparison of the finished work with Boswell's notes shows that there went to the making of it skill of a particular kind which would be amazing in any man, let alone in one so much of whose other literary work is indescribably silly.

The Boswell who finally prepared the "Life" for publication was a man deliberately making his last bid for a renown which he had always desired but which, as he knew with agonizing knowledge, he had so far missed. Many years of dissipation of the crudest kind had coarsened him, and his folly had lost that youthfulness which had made it not only tolerable but actually pleasing to other men besides Johnson. By then the virtue which he still possessed was too much overlaid to be still recognizable, and if we are to grasp what it was we had best go back to the vivacious young man who came from Scotland to London as to a promised land. He was, to be sure, unstable enough and foolish enough even then. All he seemed to want was to push himself forward into some kind of notoriety, and he was gradually to exhibit that utter inability to discriminate which allowed him to publish, late in life, a memoir of himself in which he referred complacently to such unspeakably fatuous compositions as his ballad "The Grocer of London, in Praise of Mr. Pitt's Conduct in the Dispute with Spain," and to "No Abolition of Slavery," another ballad based upon the ingenious idea that it was useless to forbid the slavery of Negroes so long as the universal "slavery to love" continued to exist. But this young man, for all his folly and for all his inability to discriminate so far as his own actions were concerned, did have sense enough to know that if one is going to be a hanger-on it is best to hang on to something worth while, and he did have, besides, the keenness of perception which enabled him to recognize the outstanding men of his generation. The unerring way in which he went for Voltaire, Rousseau, Johnson, and Wilkes may have revealed what Johnson would have called "his lack of fixed principles," but it also revealed something which often goes with a lack of fixed principles—namely, a catholic taste for strength and flavor of character of whatever kind. Delicate in none of his other pleasures, he was obviously a connoisseur of personality. He sharpened his perceptions by a lifelong passion for distinguished men, and fortune finally favored him by giving him the opportunity to write exactly the book which required, above all else, just that highly developed sense of social character which was the one thing he had. An utter blockhead could not have written it; but only one virtue was needed, and that happened to be almost the only one which he possessed.

After recounting his monstrous follies and dwelling upon that curious vanity which led him to prefer even ridicule to neglect, Mr. Vulliamy comes desperately to the conclusion that Boswell was not really sane. That does not tell us much, and it will, perhaps, not tell much more if we attempt to describe him as an exhibitionist; but the term will at least serve to unify the phenomena which his life presents. He never, so far as I know, exhibited his person, but his mania for publicizing his follies, his delight in exposing his weaknesses, and the complacency with which he tells the world of the slights which he received from the great, certainly suggest a pathological impulse more or less masochistic in character. The desire for fame may be, as some psychologists would insist, an exalted and purified form of exhibitionism, but it is not usual for this exalted and purified form to display itself in connection with the cruder manifestations of the same impulse. Boswell is remarkable as a man who could aspire to—and actually achieve—a genuine fame, while, at the same time, taking that delight in making a spectacle out of himself which is sometimes observed in imbeciles or insane persons incapable of discriminating between the attention which springs from admiration and that which is only a wondering contempt.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Truth for Children

We, the People. By Leo Huberman. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

TO place this book in the hands of a typical American youth, miseducated in the American public schools, would be equivalent to introducing Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" into the reading circle of a Christian Endeavor Society. If this book could be used in the public schools of this country it would do more to destroy the prevailing false ideas concerning the history of the American people and to prepare American youth for the revolutionary developments of the future than a dozen erudite tomes on economic radicalism. But it is not probable that the book will be used. It tells the truth in such a forthright, honest way that no public school could afford to adopt it. It represents the worst form of heresy. It threatens to upset the fairy-tale equilibrium of the child's mind. It dares to represent historical fact without the garnishments of patriotic fiction.

What, then, is there new in this book in the way of fact which makes it so heterodox, so revolutionary? Strange as it may seem, very little. Most of its facts can be found in Beard, Schlesinger, Jameson, Turner, to all of whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness, and its general approach can be traced to Marx. What is new about it is the way it organizes and illuminates its facts—*and for whom*. In combining the art of a fiction writer with the skill of a historian, Mr. Huberman has provided in this book a history of the American people that can be read and understood by any intelligent child above the age of ten, and which will surely help to revolutionize the minds of American youth.

Beginning with the colonization of America, the author carries his story through the Revolutionary and Civil wars, traces the rise of industry and the decline of agriculture in the nation, depicts in rich detail the struggle between the landlords and the money lords and the more important battle between the have-nots and the haves, and concludes his narrative with a consideration of the problem of what next. This passage from the last chapter is typical of the approach and spirit of the book as a whole:

> In 1932 America was the richest country in the world. Yet—farmers were down and out. About 10,000,000 people who were able to work, who wanted to work, could find no work. . . . Not "overproduction" but "underconsumption" was the trouble. People needed bread, clothing, shoes, apartments. They wanted automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators. But they had no money to buy these things. Yet America was the richest country in the world. . . . One per cent of the people owned 59 per cent of the wealth! Seventy-six per cent of the people owned only 5 per cent of the wealth. . . . The capitalists of the country had piled up riches—but the workingmen and farmers had remained poor. The working classes had made the shoes, radios, clothing, automobiles, and so on, but they had not been paid enough in wages to buy back what they had made. . . . It was very much like the story about a man who owned a cow. He milked her every day. At first she gave an abundance of milk; then she grew thinner and stopped giving milk altogether. "Did you feed her?" an anxious friend inquired. "Oh, no," the man replied. "I didn't think of that. All I wanted was the milk."

There is not a dull page in the book. Adult as well as child will find it graphic and gripping from beginning to end. The illustrations of Thomas H. Benton lend an element of added realism and drama to the narrative. No parent who wants his child to understand the history of the American people can afford to let him go without this book. "We, the People" is no Van Loon-like venture in popularization, but an authentic contribution to historical literature for youthful students. It is to be hoped that its appearance will mark a new page in the development of juvenile histories.

V. F. CALVERTON

"Popular Life"

Woodrow Wilson. The Man Who Lives On. By John K. Winkler. Vanguard Press. $3.50.

IT is hard to see much if any reason for this book. It adds nothing to our knowledge of Woodrow Wilson's career, gives us no fresh interpretation of the man, and throws no new light upon the vexed questions of his life. It is without footnotes or references or bibliography, and is plainly meant to be just a "popular life," which usually signifies a bright bit of writing and little else. That Mr. Winkler has written a readable story goes without saying; he has done that several times before in his other biographies. But the whole tone of his "Wilson" is "journalese," that is, it is sprightly, catchy, superficial, touching only the high spots, with numerous quotations from the books of Kerney, Tumulty, House, and one or two others.

To cite only one example of the spade work that might have been done, Mr. Winkler dismisses the incident of Grover Cleveland's letter condemning Woodrow Wilson without mitigation by citing Allan Nevins's statement that the Wilson family does not believe that any such letter was written. As a matter of fact, it was written, and a copy of it was for a long time in the possession of this reviewer. If his "Woodrow Wilson" adds nothing to Mr. Winkler's reputation as a chronicler of lives that are ended, it will doubtless serve to entertain those who wish an outline of the conventional attitude toward Wilson's career.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

No Frustration

No Retreat. By Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

IF, like Eliot, Horace Gregory were to label his beliefs, he might write: classicist in literature, Communist in politics, modernist in religion (Protestant in assent that man aspires to godhood, scientist in doubt). For Horace Gregory has learned much of his poetic method from Eliot, but his poetic interpretation of life is very much his own. He employs allusion to earlier literatures, which is very easily grasped emotionally; his poetry is speech made lyrical. The clarity of his form and his detachment are both classical in the sense that Eliot defines the word. But his scene, nevertheless, is the American city in all its complexity. Mr. Gregory's point of view is completely contemporary; he expresses no rootlessness, no nostalgia for the past, no ennui in the present. His poetic faith is in man, and this with full knowledge of how man must live, of what distortions life must undergo. There is nothing negative in all this; such poetry is an affirmation of man's glory despite its evidence of the author's realistic knowledge of man's spiritual poverty, a poverty created at least in part by the present economic and industrial system.

Horace Gregory is very important as a poet of today, a poet who has a long view of history and literature, and a passionate conviction concerning the beauty of human life. Both "Chelsea Rooming House" and this latest book make his place in our modern literature clear. Here is an intense but disciplined creative talent. Mr. Gregory has an authentic lyric

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gift, a strong sense of the dramatic—his form is often the monologue of the mind—and a knowledge of the robustly humorous in the common man's life. This poet has not "escaped." He is here, taking part in America's radical thought. Fixed in today, he views the past as part of the present. The result is no Wasteland, no frustration, but a picture of a violent, somehow heroic land of great power misused. In such a land man, knowing the brevity of life, struggles for real and spiritual food. There is no denial here of emotional and universal values. Love in Asia, in Shakespeare's England, in Catullus's Rome, is the same as love on a Wisconsin college campus or on Twenty-third Street, New York. Youth and the power of vision are the same in all ages. The past is a glass that mirrors the fundamental truths of the present. Governments, philosophies, economic controls may change, but man remains eternal, and it is to man that we must look.

So much for defining Mr. Gregory's position in the contemporary scene. Many of the most perfect poems in "No Retreat" are personal. These are no overflow of undisciplined emotion, but the expression of a man sufficiently detached and learned to see his life in its proper perspective. Such are the Poems for My Daughter, Birthday in April, A Wreath for Margery (Margery Latimer), Praise of John Skelton, Homage to an Ancestor, and others. These, like the earlier monologues with the self and the astounding O Metaphysical Head, one of the most beautiful and terrifying of modern lyrics (from "Chelsea Rooming House"), are the expressions of an authentic poet speaking for himself. Horace Gregory can look deeply inward, but he never forgets the larger perspective of human history.

EDA LOU WALTON

A First Novel

The Water Wheel. By Julian L. Shapiro. Duffield and Green. $2.50.

IF a first novel seems to follow, as "The Water Wheel" does, pretty closely the novelist's biography as presented on the flap, its autobiographical substance is usually set down by reviewers on the debit side. The novelist is told that he ought to have tried a more extensive sort of novel. Such comment would do "The Water Wheel" and its author an injustice.

Anyone who knows An Adirondack Narrative, I Let Him Die, or Jasper Darby's Passion knows that the author has indicated, in those stories, a wider range than this novel would lead one to give him credit for. Further, the hero of "The Water Wheel" is not Julian L. Shapiro under an alias; the hero is a plane of experience—a dead level of experience, even. A series of events move through the plane: a young lawyer wants to give up the law for literature; he wants a love affair; he gets it; he wants to go to Europe, to Oxford; he wants to come back; he is afraid he has a venereal disease, but he hasn't. These ordinary events cut through the plane of disgust, of ennui, much, supposedly, as a water wheel sheds water in its perpetual round; and when the novel is over, one kind of reality is felt, definitely and precisely.

The novel that results is a literary novel, even a precious one. Disregarding certain episodes, one will admit that the author has succeeded in what he set out to do though there remains the suspicion that he did not set out to do enough, and that a novel ought to embody more than one kind of reality. Because of its limitations, its set concentration upon one plane of experience, its exact attention to the hero, the novel scarcely moves one at all, any more than the exposure of the works of a watch, of the delicate movements of the springs and wheels, moves one to much more than momentary fascination. For its own good, perhaps, "The Water Wheel" ought not to have been published separately. To those who are interested in the continuous development of a new writer "The Water Wheel" can, however, be recommended.

KENNETH WHITE

The Analysis of Culture

History, Psychology, and Culture. By Alexander Goldenweiser. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

IT is good to have the papers contained in this volume in book form. Their significance for an understanding of the development of anthropological theory in the United States is of the first order; the influence they have exerted on the course of social thought in this country and in Europe far transcends that of the usual contributions to the periodical literature of a science. Not only did the consistently high quality of these discussions call attention to them when they were first published, but, ever since, social scientists have been going to them to read their incisive, clean-cut observations and analyses, and to gain from them ideas for exploring new lines of thought.

As the reader goes through the book, paper after paper that he has seen quoted literally dozens of times greets him. The contribution entitled The Principle of Limited Possibilities in the Development of Culture, which Goldenweiser injected into the heated controversy over the role of independent origin versus diffusion of cultural traits in the determination of culture, is one such; his papers Totemism, an Analytical Study, and Form and Content in Totemism offer two more ready instances. The discussion from which this book takes its title, History, Psychology, and Culture—a Set of Categories for an Introduction to Social Science, is perhaps less widely known. In the form in which it reappears, worked over and reedited, it should attract the attention it has not thus far received, and should stimulate further analysis of the problems that arise from the peculiar intimacy found in the interrelationships of the social disciplines.

The same incisiveness of attack which characterizes the positive contributions of Goldenweiser to social theory is also found in his analyses of the positions of the various "schools" of anthropological thought. In the paper entitled Theories of Primitive Mind and Culture one set of concepts after another is first expounded and then critically reviewed—those of Adolph Bastian, the anthropo-geographers, the early evolutionists, the diffusionists, the so-called "American school." In the other four chapters of this second section, the implications of the general theoretical positions of Sir James G. Frazer, of Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, of Wilhelm Wundt, and of Sigmund Freud are discussed, while later in the book, in two important papers on the nature of the religious experience as illustrated in the life of primitive man, the approach which characterized the writings of Emile Durkheim is analyzed. Still other sections represent less familiar aspects of Dr. Goldenweiser's interests, such as his experiment in giving to children an anthropological approach to life, and his concern with the "new" education.

Naturally, the book does not have the homogeneity usually associated with the material contained between the covers of a single volume. Being the collected papers of the author, it must be read as such. In some instances, moreover, these papers "date." It is not such criticisms, however, that are to be leveled against them, but rather the fact that, in spite of the reworking which they received before republication, neither in discussion, in references in the body of the text, nor in the bibliography at the end of the book were they brought up to date. One may only hope that the reason this has not been done is that a consideration of some of the newer theoretical positions is to be vouchsafed us by Dr. Goldenweiser in the near future.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

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Guedalla Facing South

Argentine Tango. By Philip Guedalla. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MR. GUEDALLA writes in a charming manner of Rio, one or two other Brazilian ports, and the Argentine. He often approaches and sometimes achieves genuinely distinguished writing; and this in spite of the fact that he does not always follow the advice given him before crossing the gangplank at Southampton, to beware of adjectives. The book is made up of impressions, incidents, vivid anecdotes, and portraits in miniature of nothing or no one in particular, done in a clever, cinematic, modern, if somewhat self-conscious manner. Unfortunately Mr. Guedalla does not always retain his urbane attitude; sometimes he turns serious and allows himself to become interested in ponderous matters, such as the relations between the English colony in Buenos Ayres and the Argentines, or the reasons why the Empire cannot successfully compete with Argentine beef in the English market. In such moods he suffers from a tendency to become didactic, and the result is incongruous with the dominant temper of the book. In one of the sketches he reads an almost peevish sermon to North Americans on their big-brother complex toward their southern neighbors. The sermon's point is in this case well taken, though one knows the futility of peevish homiletics. A good Briton, Mr. Guedalla never forgets it, and it is perhaps for this reason that he takes so seriously the old academic controversy as to whether the southern continent should be properly called Latin America or Spanish America or merely South America. The reviewer is not quite certain of the final decision, but he did get this clear, that Mr. Guedalla is among those who object to the term Latin because the attempt to give it currency is part of a sinister conspiracy to fly *le drapeau de la France* over capitols where Downing Street should have first and perhaps final say—for, were not "in harsh reality Mr. Canning's cruisers the shield behind which the young republics grew"? Moments as serious as these are fortunately not many in a book which leaves the reader well pleased, as trifles should, even though here and there its impressionistic technique results in a disconcerting incoherence.

ELISEO VIVAS

Shorter Notices

Russia and Asia. By Prince A. Lobanov-Rostovsky. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Prince Lobanov-Rostovsky advances the argument that Russia is not Asiatic but European. What is more, he proves his case. It was not the khans of the Golden Horde, or any of their predecessors or successors, who conquered Russia; it was the European Slavs who conquered Asia, or at least that part of Asia which is now incorporated in the U. S. S. R. The East left few marks on Russian culture or the Russian language; such Oriental influences as can be found today are to be traced almost entirely to Byzantium, not to the Mongols or Tartars. The population of the Soviet Union is predominantly European, 77.3 per cent of the people being Great Russians, Ukrainians, and White Russians, the small remainder being made up of various Asiatic races. Orthodox Communists can no doubt find many flaws in the picture the author has drawn. Prince Lobanov-Rostovsky is after all "an aristocrat and expatriate." It seems strange that he should have written this book, which is, though perhaps unconsciously, a defense of the Communist contention that communism is not fundamentally Eastern in essence or doctrine. Many close observers, for example, Walter Duranty, have "explained" the failure of communism to spread to Western Europe on the ground that it is essentially an Oriental philosophy. Why, it may be asked, has communism also failed to spread to India and Japan? Lobanov-Rostovsky does not attempt to connect communism with Europeanism, but he does show that the Soviet Union has an unmistakable European background.

Last Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. With an Introduction by Richard Aldington. The Viking Press. $3.

Lawrence's poems make up a spiritual autobiography, and these "Last Poems" are among the most moving, because they carry a deeply religious spirit up to the very door of death. Generally flimsy in form, yet with a sort of scribbled liveliness and truth, one reads them less for the separate poems than to trace the life lines, building and breaking, now irritable, again resolved and lyrical, through cycles of interior experience. It is rather unfortunate that the book contains, along with the "last poems," another sheaf of "Pansies," of a much more thin and crabbed quality. For it is in the "last poems" that one follows with gratification Lawrence's spirit, so deeply scored with the tragic tensions of modern life, into pools of comparative peace. The note of truly religious restitution is unmistakable in such poems as The Hands of God, Pax, The Ship of Death, and the very beautiful Bavarian Gentians (the finest version of which, surely, is the one called MS A, in the appendix).

Man as Psychology Sees Him. By Edward S. Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Professor Robinson's book is noticeably lacking in the faults commonly characteristic of popularized psychologies. To be sure, it is designed for the uninformed layman, and as such has little to offer to the reader versed in the modern schools. Robinson is not proselytizing for any creed. On the contrary, the common sense, the open-mindedness, with which he deals with conflicting modes of scientific thought and their exponents is rare. None is wholly condemned, none is wholly lauded. Psychoanalysts, behaviorists, mechanists, purposists, gestaltists—all are treated with respect for their contributions, criticisms, and the characteristics of their cult. His point of view is cautious and warning, and is offered to the lay reader as a guide throughout the book:

> Because of the limitations of the human mind, there is a certain advantage in theories that make the facts seem more simple than in reality they are, but it is wise to know, when we make use of such theories, that their simplicity is a limitation as well as an aid in clarification. . . . It is unfortunate when theoretical eagerness replaces a calmer judgment of the facts.

A properly scientific attitude is retained although the book is totally lacking in undefined technical terms and is extremely simple and popular in style. A large, well-selected number of the better-known experiments are described, and a bibliography of over a hundred items is appended.

Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow. Part I, by Carl Sandburg. Part II: Letters, Documents, and Appendix, by Paul M. Angle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Carl Sandburg, in further pursuit of the Abraham Lincoln saga, tries his generous best to deal tenderly with Mrs. Lincoln, the shrewish, jealous, extravagant wife, and the mad widow. Indeed, when one thinks of her losing three of her four sons in their childhood, and receiving on her dress the blood of her husband, murdered almost in her arms, one may agree that she suffered cruel hardship. Mr. Sandburg feels sure that her shrewishness was due to progressive cerebral deterioration, ending in acknowledged irresponsibility and insanity. Pity her, he says. But the reader of the present book will probably be led to pity Lincoln

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Spring Books

The Nation Spring Book Number will contain important articles by Ellen Glasgow and Clifton Fadiman, poems by Mark Van Doren and Conrad Aiken. It will present complete listings of notable new books. Reviews of recent publications will be featured in this number, dated April 12th.

BOOKS	AUTHORS	REVIEWERS
Democracy in Crisis	Harold Laski	Henry Hazlitt
Henry Adams	James Truslow Adams	Joseph Warren Beach
Viva Villa!	E. Pinchon and O. B. Slade	Carleton Beals
Land of Promise	Edmond Fleg	Marvin Lowenthal
This People	Ludwig Lewisohn—	Granville Hicks
Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx	Sidney Hook	Benjamin Stolberg
Eva Gay	Evelyn Scott	Dorothy Van Doren
Mencius on the Mind	I. A. Richards	Kenneth Burke
Eimi	E. E. Cummings	William Troy
Tragedy of Tolstoy	Countess Tolstoy	Dorothy Brewster

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more. That long-suffering man, marrying a woman whom he feared he did not love, and enduring from her the most outrageous of public scenes and private reproaches, is indeed an object of pity. Mr. Sandburg goes carefully into the legend that Lincoln did not appear for his wedding, and decides that the circumstantial evidence makes it improbable. He and Mr. Angle present, in the form of narrative and some hitherto unpublished documents, a valuable addition to the Lincoln family history.

Drama

Madness in Brooklyn

PLAYGOERS commonly prefer competent mediocrity to any sort of originality which does not quite come off. Perhaps they are right, and perhaps the commercial theater is no place for experiments which are not entirely successful; but the professional critic may be forgiven if he occasionally finds himself very favorably disposed toward a play which is just good enough to suggest something very much better. In any event, that is how I find myself reacting to the somewhat dizzy farce comedy entitled "Three-Cornered Moon," now playing at the Cort Theater. I should hesitate to recommend it to those who demand perfect finish, or even to those who insist upon knowing either just where they are or just what it is all about. But connoisseurs of mood, and those who prefer fitful gleams of originality to the calm steady glare of the familiar, will find it worth their while.

Some considerable part of the amusement it affords is undoubtedly due to the presence of two of the best comediennes of our stage—namely, Cecilia Loftus and Ruth Gordon. As the earnest, bewildered, and henlike mother of a disconcerting brood, Miss Loftus is the comedy of long-suffering incompetence miraculously personified, and Miss Gordon, as the most disconcerting of the brood, is equally delightful. No one knows so well as she how to suggest the wistfulness of wit when faced with a situation with which it is incompetent to deal, and that, so it happens, might be described as the theme of the play. Without these two actors it would fall to pieces altogether, and no one would be able even to suspect what the author was getting at; but with them it is evident that this author, named on the program as Gertrude Tonkonogy, has a vein of original fantasy which a little more experience in the theater might enable her to exploit with highly diverting results.

The story is concerned with the adventures of a mad family of Brooklynites which has very comfortably indulged its various insanities until it is discovered that Mama has bought a lot of stocks from a nice man who failed to make it clear to her limited intelligence just what "margin' meant. Finding themselves completely "broke," they all settle down to the task of making a living, and with the aid of the family doctor they achieve a very moderate success. The moral of the piece is excellent, and seems to have something to do with the fact that a time often comes when charming irresponsibility is not enough, and when one realizes the truth of a several-times-quoted Russian proverb to the effect that "Love is not a potato." Indeed, I am not sure that the author does not go so far as to suggest that adversity has its sweet uses, and that life is at least moderately earnest. But neither the story nor the moral is important. What is important is the vein of humor which runs through the characterization, and which bubbles over in epigrams having a flavor distinctly their own. Only a firmer hand would have been necessary to turn "Three-Cornered Moon" into something quite as delightful and rather more substantial than, let us say, "Springtime for Henry." Even as it stands, however, it has more freshness than nine-tenths of the comedies present along Broadway, and the curtain is brought down upon a scene as ludicrous as any I have seen in a long time. The members of the brood are pursuing their various activities, each with his accustomed disregard of the others. One boy is just celebrating his passing the bar examination; the daughter is just getting herself engaged to the doctor; and Mama, standing high on a sofa, is regarding her new hat in the mirror. "Hm," she says, "it gives me height, doesn't it?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Far Away Horses" at the Martin Beck Theater was heralded as an "Irish play," but proved to be about an Irish-American family living somewhere on the banks of the Hudson River. There is some sound observation in it, and there are a few well-handled situations, but the total effect is simply one of sprawling action and uninterrupted din. The O'Haras are as quarrelsome, covetous, mean, drunken, and stupid a family as this reviewer has ever seen on the stage or off it; but one is never sure whether the authors know this, or whether they think the family as a whole somehow lovable. At all events the auditor's impulse to climb up on the stage and personally strangle at least a few of the children is hard to resist. While the acting is badly coordinated, Leona Hogarth gives an impressive performance as the long-suffering sister who holds the home together, and Thomas Chalmers, also, as the drunken, wandering father.

H. H.

Films

Eclecticism and Vision

THE purpose behind the two private film societies founded this season was admirably illustrated and realized in their last programs, both of which happened to be shown on the same Sunday. Neither "Kühle Wampe" nor "L'Age d'Or" was the sort of picture to be seen at any of the commercial houses; the unrelenting honesty of the first, the intense eclecticism of the second, would have proposed too many difficulties. Yet both represent certain interests and tendencies in the current European cinema which it is important for us to recognize if only, as in the case of the second film, that we may avoid them. In their choice of offerings the Film Forum and the Film Society also confirmed the suspicion hinted at in this column that they are to be sharply distinguished in the nature of the attack they are making on commercial film standards in this country. The difference in their directions, it may be said, reflects what is undoubtedly the dilemma of the non-commercial or "artistic" film all over the world at present. "Kühle Wampe" and "L'Age d'Or," seen on the same day, leave one with the impression that the cinema is at the crossroads.

The general parallel for such films as "L'Age d'Or" and the recent "L'Affaire est dans le sac" is to be found in most of the aristocratic art and literature of our time. Like the music of Stravinsky, the painting of Picasso, the writing of Joyce and Eliot, these pictures derive their theme and technique from the disintegrated consciousness of the modern world. More particularly, however, they may be related to that explosive, ill-mannered, and entirely superficial movement in post-war French letters known as surréalisme. As a literary movement, of course, surréalisme endured no longer than it deserved. It had amounted to nothing more than a belated exploitation of the humorous possibilities inherent in the dissolved syntax and violently juxtaposed imagery that had been introduced into French style a half-century before in the apocalyptic recordings of

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Rimbaud and the Comte de Lautréamont. Although these stylistic peculiarities had originated as the expression of the tortured sensibilities of really serious artists, they degenerated in the work of Tzara, Breton, and others of the surréaliste group into something that can only be called humor, a particularly brutal and ghastly brand of humor.

The first thing that must be said about "L'Age d'Or," then, is that it is a distinctly "literary" film. It is not so much an attempt at a cinematic translation of the surréaliste vision as a literal dramatization of a typical "narrative" of the school. It is of course impossible to offer a synopsis of the scenario prepared by Messrs. Bunuel and Dali. Let it be enough to say that in between a prologue and an epilogue which bear no logical relation to the main story, is to be seen a fantasmagoria of violence, lust, blasphemy, luxury, and unmotivated crime such as has never before been projected on the screen. Whatever interest all this may have resides in the subject matter, or the particular disarrangement of it, rather than in any special effects of camera style or technique. Except for occasional shots—a man lying face downward on the ceiling of a room, blood gushing from a man's face in the middle of a love scene—and the irrelevant accompaniment of the *paso-doble* at the end, there is little dependence on strictly visual or aural methods of communication. There is mention in the program notes of Bunuel's remarkable use of screen metaphor. Presumably the objects thrown out of the window by the protagonist were intended to be metaphorical symbols of some kind—the Christmas tree phallic, the effigy of the archbishop religious, and so on. But these symbols pictorially realized are actually no more effective than the words for them on the printed page. No added value is given to them by the photographic process either separately or in relation to the whole. Yet in these symbols if anywhere we are to look for some continuity of meaning. If we take the archbishops, the Christ-like figure at the end, and the cross as symbols of an inverted religious mania, the picture becomes no more than a pathological document—Black Mass, *rive droite,* 1928. If we take them, on the other hand, as constituting a viciously satirical anti-clericalism, the picture is open to the charge of propagandism. No matter how we interpret them they fail to take on a significance which gives either unity or meaning to the picture as a whole. The complete absence of any value or values to which they may be related results in a dissolution of form which makes any kind of unified response impossible.

The recognition of the importance and necessity of just such values in the subject matter is responsible for the very real effectiveness of Dudow's "Kühle Wampe." Indeed, its theme is precisely the realization by a group of young people in Germany that their survival depends on their ability to work out some elementary values of living for themselves in the midst of a senile, decaying world. Although the picture is in an unfinished state, there is enough adherence to the theme throughout to give it a substantial unity. In fact, it is sustained adequately in the single character of Anni, as beautifully rendered by Hertha Wiele, in her efforts to retrieve her demoralized family by moving them to the unemployed colony outside of Berlin, her uncomplaining acceptance of her personal problems, her relations with the jobless mechanic to whom she is married. Here the meaning is brought out pictorially through the richly detailed but highly selected documentation of the surfaces of life as it is lived by this submerged section of lower-class German society. The social criticism, if one must find it, is implicit in the representation. It rises out of the materials; it is not imposed on them as in so many Russian films. And this is true despite the long discussion of world affairs in the subway train at the end; for even here, where the social implications of the picture seem most conscious, the ideas expressed are subordinated to the characterization of the speakers. Everything is

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

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DESIGN FOR LIVING. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Noel Coward and the Lunts having a good time in a play by the former.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Lively but pretentious melodrama by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

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kept in a proper relation to the young couple's desperate search for a value—a search which gradually acquires the force of one itself, which is, indeed, a value in itself.

The choice before the more serious cinema at the moment is pretty well illustrated by these two pictures. Either it must go in for whatever elements of humor, fantasy, and sophisticated cleverness may still be extracted from the representation of modern chaos; or it must go in for an ever deeper and more honest exploration of particular terrains of contemporary experience. Certainly such a picture as "Kühle Wampe" shows us the great opportunity the films have to make us *realize*, in the strictest sense, the exact substance of that experience, to render it with such fidelity that we may possibly be able to see new values in the actual process of shaping and asserting themselves. And by this, of course, is meant something quite different from the superimposition of any particular set of intellectual ideas—like Marxism, for example. The Russians have shown us often enough how disastrous this can be to the development of the cinema as a truly creative art. For some time to come, perhaps, the film, like all other branches of art in our time, will have to remain skeptical of the various systems of dogma available, to keep very close to the reality in order that whatever values it may finally give rise to will be the surer and more acceptable.

WILLIAM TROY

Music

The Power of Implication

NOT many people would like to touch up the masterpieces of painting, intensify the colors, sharpen the vaguer outlines—define and state, I mean, what the painter only implied. People realize that to do so would be to vulgarize and immensely diminish the power of a painting. And few people have any desire to paraphrase poetry and define its meaning in thoroughly explicit and limited terms. About painting and writing it is pretty widely understood that the greatest art is that in which the smallest statement carries the greatest implication. It is because the greatness of a work of art lies in its implication, and because the force of the implication is so limited by any attempt to state it definitely, that it cannot be proved, or analyzed, or overthrown.

Contrary to the general opinion, I am not at all sure that the essence of a musical work is more accessible to the untutored than that of a poem or of a painting. The power of implication in a musical work is not nearly so widely recognized as it is in writing or painting. The reticence of some of the last works of Beethoven, which carries implications of immense force to a few people, makes them dry and "ungrateful" to most listeners. Concert audiences are undoubtedly less swayed by the implied vastness of some of the organ works of Bach than by the immensely reduced and more tangible impressiveness of orchestral paraphrases of those works.

It is possible, of course, for a work of art to treat its subject matter in the minutest detail and yet have a meaning far beyond the sum of its details—the Adoration of the Lamb, by the Van Eycks, for example, or Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Similarly, in music, a work may be infinitely polished in its details, like a Mozart string quartet, or even treat non-musical subject matter very minutely, as do many of the greatest vocal works, and be great in a way that entirely transcends its small perfections. Only when it leaves off being primarily musical, and so begins to state definitely more than it implies, does its significance shrink.

The "Amfiparnaso" of Orazio Vecchi, just given a splendid first performance in America by thirteen singers of the Dessoff Choirs under the direction of Miss Margarete Dessoff, is the occasion for these remarks. The "Amfiparnaso" is a series of madrigals grouped in three acts, first produced in 1595. It is often spoken of as the first opera, since it was perhaps the first instance of an entire play's being set to music without narrative or explanatory interludes, or other alteration of its dramatic form. There its resemblance to opera as we know it stops. It has no independent orchestral accompaniment. (Miss Dessoff was, of course, quite within her rights in presenting one number as a solo with accompaniment for viols. The presence or absence of instruments in performances of much so-called *a cappella* music of the sixteenth century probably was optional, and depended largely on what instruments happened to be at hand—or voices lacking.) It probably had no action, pantomime, costumes, or dramatic form of any kind, although on this point historians of music are not unanimous. At any rate, in the very satisfactory version which Miss Dessoff presented, the "Amfiparnaso" has little in common with what we know as opera. Even the parts of individual characters are taken sometimes by several singers together, singing in parts, sometimes by the entire chorus. There is almost never one musical line to one dramatic part.

It is chiefly by its unique formal and historical importance that the "Amfiparnaso" survives to invite comparison with its alleged descendants. For Orazio Vecchi was not one of the greatest composers of his time, and the great beauty of the "Amfiparnaso" is not unsurpassed. For us its importance lies in the force with which pathetic, humorous, and joyful incidents in its involved and tortuous story are set to music. For that force is achieved while the music seems, to twentieth-century ears at least, to remain within the frame of the best conventions of the period, although Vecchi was not one of the most conservative composers of his time. Contrast the means Vecchi used with those of Wagnerian and post-Wagnerian opera: stage action, a great noisy orchestra, the personal appeal of solo singers, and musical idioms immensely personal and explicitly illustrative of the dramatic development. It is perhaps neither desirable nor possible to compare the intensity of the effects produced by works of two such contrasted periods. Yet I think it is clear that the progress toward complexity and explicitness recorded by the opera from Vecchi to Wagner is not accompanied by any really proportional increase in power of expression. The very freedom from convention enjoyed by composers of the late nineteenth century and the profusion of the means at their disposal enabled them to state in detail what Vecchi—fortunately, I think—had to imply.

Debussy, in "Pelléas et Mélisande," himself chose to leave the greater part of what he had to say to implication. And if it is true that in "Pelléas" he perhaps never says anything of the very first importance, it is also true that Debussy probably could not have said more without implying less. But the reticence of one composer creating his own limitations is bound to have something a little precious and artificial about it as compared with the reticence which a highly developed conventional style like that of the sixteenth century, or of the eighteenth, imposes on its participants. The course of opera from its beginnings has led it steadily toward more and more explicit exposition of its dramatic purpose. In recent years the preference of an increasing number of people has turned back toward works in which musical conventions take precedence over dramatic, in which set pieces—arias, trios, and the like—connected by recitatives, capitalize the high points in the dramatic sequence, and there is no attempt to make of opera a continuous web of sound following closely every change of accent in the drama. The "Amfiparnaso" is the most striking possible illustration of the fact that the effect of music of dramatic purpose can be great even when it is confined within artificial conventions and relies only on the simplest means.

ARTHUR MENDEL

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